# The Nation

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## The Week

NOW that less than five-thirteenths as many men are still needed for the regular army as have volunteered since April 1, whether the Government should resort to the draft or not depends on the time element. If Washington can wait till August 1, volunteering will fill the quota. If Secretary Baker's wish to have the quota filled July 1 represents some strong practical reason, the draft machinery could be put in motion to yield 50,000 men without great inconvenience—some inconvenience would be inevitable, for it had not been planned to employ the draft till near the end of summer, or piecemeal. Obviously, the chief fact behind the slowness of volunteering is that men are waiting for selective conscription. The very fact that so few are wanted also explains why Army Week failed to obtain "a general response," as one dispatch naïvely puts it. A "general response" would mean for our population a half-million men, and the country knows they are not wanted. To rouse a wide, wild enthusiasm to enlist 50,000 men would be equivalent to putting the mountain in labor to bring forth a mouse, and President Wilson and common-sense Americans have realized this.

WITH acceptance of the President's compromise plan for treatment of the liquor industry certain, interest in the Food bill swung back to the opposition to its "arbitrary" features. Senator Reed assured the country that the drop that had occurred in the price of "potatoes, onions, string beans, a lot of garden truck" was proof enough that a "food dictator" was worse than useless. It has not been contended by advocates of the bill that the coming of new crops would not relieve the situation, but that the relief would be more thorough and more nearly permanent if the Food Controller received power to see that the distribution of our vast new supplies was equitable and scientific. It could be maintained both that the present prices of potatoes and onions are too high and that some of the drop may be ascribed to the imminence of Federal control. Those who continue a little frightened should note the latest Order in Council in England vesting new authority in the Food Controller there. Lord Rhondda receives the same powers to requisition food and control prices that the Admiralty, Army Council, and Minister of Munitions possess in their fields—that is, practically absolute powers. It is well said that the British Food Ministry is now a trust holding a monopoly, with the object of lowering prices.

FOR the man who merely requires a pencil and a piece of paper in order to win the war—and in more or less degree all of us are that man—there is very instructive reading in the British Munition Minister's account of development of war material given to the House of Commons on Thursday of last week. It is not so much the enormous sweep of the figures cited as their diversity that staggers the imagination; not so much the mass of labor that is expended as its apportionment in the face of a thousand different clamorous necessities. Somewhere in the Australian hinterland railway trackage is being pulled up in order to be laid down again in the desert of Sinai or along the Tigris or in Albania or near the White Sea or in the sector of Arras. Given a shipload of iron ore, it is for some one to decide whether that iron is to be shell, or barbed wire, or steel helmet, or aeroplane engine, or anti-submarine net, or boat anchor, or travelling crane, or farm tractor for the raising of potatoes to feed the crew of the ship that brings Chinese coolies from Canton to Marseilles to handle other masses of iron ore at the Creusot armament factories. And when you multiply the task by the number of departments, War, Admiralty, Agriculture, and Subsistence, when the problem develops into one of determining whether a man can be best used for throwing hand-grenades at Bullecourt or ploughing in Sussex or unloading wheat at Liverpool or manufacturing boots for the Russian armies in Rumania, it becomes plain how inadequate is the ordinary pencil stub and newspaper margin for winning the war out of hand.

SUCH considerations might well be taken to heart by the self-constituted critics at or near Washington, wailers and stimulators alike. Why won't the sixteen great training camps for the new armies be all ready by September 1, assuming that they will not? Because the regular army has had to be made ready for France. Why doesn't the Government build 2,000 wooden ships? Because it has to think of lumber for the cantonments. Why doesn't the Government build 100,000 aeroplanes? Because it has to think of wooden ships and steel ships and heavy guns and machine guns for the contingents already in France. Why are there delays in paying the men in the officers' training camps? Because the Administration has to give some thought to the draft regulations for the new army. Washington is not quite the chaos which the professional wailers have tried to make out. Repeatedly the agonizing shriek for something particular to be done has been printed on the same page with the brief announcement that the thing had been done some time ago. Nevertheless, there is confusion at Washington; and it could not be otherwise in the face of this enormously complicated task which has proved too much for every Government. It is more than a world's-size job that the world has been called upon to handle, and we must be reconciled to a very liberal discount from the ideal 100 per cent. of efficiency.

AMERICAN troops in France mean something more than relief for the French on the actual battle line. With that must come a proportional improvement in the economic situation. More Frenchmen can now be spared for agriculture, with a consequent increase in the nation's food resources, and the increased supplies will be for the use of the people of France. Our own army is to be fed and supplied directly from home. The conflicting requirements of the army and of food production have constituted a problem which the French Government has been able to deal with only by half-way measures. There have been serious debates in the Chamber over the release of men

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of the classes before 1890 for work in the fields. Comparatively small though the American army on the Continent may be for some time to come, the number is not negligible in view of the fact that the French Government has been sending back men from the army to the fields in meagre thousands. The release of even twenty thousand French agriculturalists would be an appreciable gain.

"AGENTS of the Federal Department of Justice, under the direction of Assistant District Attorney Goldberg, arrested a number of persons who were alleged to have made unpatriotic remarks. . . . None of the soldiers and sailors who figured in the disturbance was arrested." So goes an account of a riot which for two hours on Sunday disgraced the city of Boston. A Socialist parade, announced as a peace demonstration, presumably under proper permit of the city authorities, was broken up by an organized band of uniformed men of the Naval Reserve, National Guard, marines, and Canadians in kilts; flags and banners were seized and trampled and persons were beaten, and disorder lasted for nearly two hours. Things like this are happening all over the country; soldiers and sailors in uniform, with or without open sanction of their superiors, are invading the domain and usurping the functions of the civil authorities, and not infrequently committing or causing breaches of the peace. It may be that many Americans, proud of the traditions of liberty, enthusiastic in support of the American participation in the enterprise of "making the world safe for democracy," will look with complacency upon such a scene as this; will see no peril in riots started by uniformed men who profess to be enlisted in the war against "Prussian militarism." Others and soberer men will see in it only tendencies of the most sinister character.

IF the message brought back from Stockholm by the German majority Socialist leader, Scheidemann, means anything, it means that revolutionary Russia has no alternative but to carry on the war with all vigor. Have the Russians been marking time in hope that a revolution in Germany would bring the war automatically to an end? Well, Scheidemann, by his own account, succeeded in undeceiving the Russians on that score; a revolution before the conclusion of peace is impossible. Are, then, the Russians to hasten peace in order to supply the essential preliminary for a German revolution? Scheidemann is not certain. The chances of revolution depend on the outcome of the war. This is capable of only one interpretation. If Germany wins the war, there will be no revolution, for obviously the Government and the Junkers will have been vindicated. Only a beaten Germany will rise in revolt against her rulers. This will not do away with the Russian demand for a restatement of Allied peace terms on the basis of no annexations and no indemnities. A Germany fighting, as she believes, for self-preservation will be harder to defeat than a Germany aware that no desperate need exists for continued resistance.

THE return of Venizelos is not likely to alter vitally the military situation in the Balkans. What there is left of the Greek army is not enough to give the Allies the necessary preponderance for victory. Venizelos is valuable to the Entente in his capacity as the one Balkan statesman with a vision, and vision is something which Entente diplomacy in the Balkans has wofully lacked. The efforts of Venizelos must now be bent on finding a formula for a Balkan reconciliation. Specifically, we may expect him to make the attempt to break the alignment of the Central Powers by seeking an understanding with Bulgaria, and perhaps with Turkey. The problem is far from an easy one, but it has been rendered less difficult for the Entente by the overturn in Russia. Just as the Turks, in the face of a non-imperialistic Russia, have much less to fear for their security in Constantinople, so there open up new possibilities for Bulgaria. Hitherto Bulgarian policy has been shaped by the question which she had to fear the more, Russia or the Teutonic Powers. Now that the Russian menace is completely removed, Bulgaria may well ask why she cannot assert herself against the Germanic tutelage. Bulgaria commands the bridge from Europe into Asia; she is in a position to ask a price from either side. It remains to be seen whether the genius of Venizelos can devise a counter-bid for that of the Teutons.

A DROP from twenty-seven to twenty-one in larger British ships sunk by the U-boats is a very favorable indication for the ultimate lowering of the curve on the submarine fever chart. The showing is all the more grateful because the presence of American transports in the war zone must have put the U-boats on their mettle. It is also likely that the American destroyer force in British waters was drawn upon for convoying our troop ships, and by so much the anti-submarine patrol must have been weakened. In safeguarding the lines of transport from this country into the French ports, we shall be indirectly helping France against the U-boat menace, which has taken its toll of French shipping and created a state of dissatisfaction in the country that led the other day to the establishment of a special anti-submarine department in the Ministry of Marine. To the extent that we shall now be guarding French waters for our own purposes, we shall be making things easier for the French mercantile marine. In more ways than one it is being shown to Berlin that we shall not be altogether too late in making our power felt.

A WASHINGTON dispatch reports that the Government is negotiating with Japan for the transfer of Japanese merchant ships from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and that Great Britain is supporting us. This receives color from two facts. One is that the 2,000,000 tons of Japanese shipping are an obvious source of supply to relieve the pressure created by the submarine. The other is that Japan has suggested through her Minister of Communications that America shall supply her with the ship materials which she needs to keep her enlarged yards at full capacity; America is thus entitled to ask that an apportionment of Japanese tonnage to assist the Allies be made in return. No one, least of all the Yankees of the East, forgets that international competition after the war will be keen in the Pacific, and that a good start in shipping will mean much. For the common cause, if the United States makes some sacrifices to keep the Japanese yards full, Japan should and doubtless will be ready to make sacrifices to distribute her ships in accordance with the needs of the Allied position.

IF everybody had a little more money, according to W. W. Jacobs's sailor, what a bright and happy world this would be! The Shipping Board may seem in a way to bring about

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this nautical millennium through its announcement that 10,000 officers will be needed for our new merchant fleet, that "current wages are about $250 a month for mates and $350 for captains," and that it hopes that its fifteen new fleet officers' schools will make officers of competent men in two months. Naturally, the Board does not mean that each of the 10,000 will achieve his $3,000 a year, and it is thinking of a limited class when it speaks of competent men. But the opportunity is so attractive that the response ought to furnish all the human material needed. Already a nautical school has opened near Boston, with technical instruction furnished by a corps headed by Dean Burton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Some shipping men are skeptical of the efficacy of a short technical course, followed by practice work side by side with regular officers, and undoubtedly the scheme would not be a full success unless most of the recruits had a good preliminary knowledge of the sea. But we shall have about 1,250 new ships in eighteen months, and we must have about eight officers to a ship.

A FAINT echo of La Follette's opposition to our declaration of war comes in the news that the Wisconsin Legislature has, after two months' controversy, defeated a resolution for printing 50,000 copies of the President's war message. This was the storm-centre of the session, and it was debate on it which cost the Socialist Raguse his seat for unpatriotic utterances. Yet though such pro-Germans as are left in Wisconsin opposed the resolution, no one has any excuse for regarding its defeat as a victory for them. The Socialists naturally lined up against it; many of Gov. Philipp's followers regarded it as unwise to bait unnecessarily what had recently been German sentiment; and La Follette's powerful supporters objected to it as implicit criticism of his course. Doubtless a good many thought, especially as our war swung into its third month, that it was superfluous to scatter the message broadcast. Wisconsin newspapers had published it just as all other newspapers had, and while the debate was going on, Wisconsin women had 150,000 copies printed and distributed to all who registered for the draft.

THE special interest in the series of trials which Indiana has been having for election frauds lies in the question how high they may finally reach. To a Mayor of Terre Haute and a Sheriff of the county, convicted with numerous accomplices two years ago, have now been added the Chief of Police of Indianapolis, a police captain, two sergeants, a city detective, and the inspector of weights and measures. One defendant was acquitted, a patrolman, and the only one of the lot who had not been promoted since the election of 1914! The frauds were brazen, violence being used as well as the quieter methods of falsifying results. There was a huge "slush fund" from protected saloons. The conspiracy centred in the City Hall, and the name of Mayor Bell was mentioned by witnesses in a way to revive the kind of suspicion that led to his indictment and that of Senator Taggart in 1915. They were acquitted at that time, but the convictions of last week come unpleasantly close. These are accepted as bearing out what has been believed and charged concerning Indiana politics for a good while, and especially Indianapolis politics. Their immediate consequence is the summoning of the Federal grand jury in special session.

THE detailed registration returns given out officially show surprising shifts of population. Some, at least, are explicable. It is not astonishing, for instance, that Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, and Michigan should have considerably exceeded the estimates, in the number of men registered. Michigan, the automobile manufacturing State, justified conjectures by enrolling 125 per cent. of its expected quota. Connecticut, home of new munitions industries, about equalled Michigan's record. On the other hand, Arizona, Iowa, New Hampshire, North Carolina, and Wisconsin, largely non-manufacturing States, also surprised the statisticians by an unexpected increase of registrable young men, although it had been supposed that the agricultural and non-industrial States would not show any unusual growth. The mining and oil States, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, California, and Oklahoma, however, fell far below the estimates. Montana, the copper State, seems alone in this group. It showed 120 per cent. of its calculated registration. The 1920 Census will give some interesting returns as to the new mobility of the laboring population.

AT Ottawa conscription is winning a support wide enough to make futile the threat of a general strike by the single Labor member, or of civil war by hot-headed French-Canadian members like L. J. Gauthier. The bill seems certain of becoming law, and if it does will probably be accepted without more serious disturbances than those which have already occurred. A striking list of Liberals, including the party whip, F. F. Pardee, and the traditional scold against the Borden Administration, Frank B. Carvell, stand ready to support the Conservatives; the two men named have spoken against Laurier's proposal to hold a referendum. Throughout the West party lines have been obliterated in the general support of conscription, and in the Provincial election a few days ago in Saskatchewan the leaders of both sides declared for it. The message of Lieut.-Gen. Currie, commanding the Canadian troops, that "it is an imperative and urgent necessity that immediate steps be taken to insure that sufficient drafts of officers and men are sent from Canada to keep the corps at full strength," had had its natural effect. In Ontario some local Liberal leaders have taken the stump for conscription.

THE shortage of coal has been felt in Scandinavia as elsewhere, but Norway hopes this winter to do without much British coal, and Sweden with less than usual. A new source has been tapped in Spitzbergen, where, in 1905, English and American companies began mining, but have taken out only 200,000 tons. Last year three Norwegian companies acquired the richest coal fields, and undertook to exploit them; the *American-Scandinavian Review* assures us that from this situation, about as far north of the North Cape as the Cape is north of Petrograd, it is expected in the short open season to mine and ship nearly 2,000,000 tons. This, with Norway's abundant hydro-electric power and use of the forests for fuel, will make the country practically independent of other sources. Swedish interests have obtained Spitzbergen mines, from which they hope to take 60,000 tons this year and eventually 200,000 a season. Denmark is meanwhile utilizing her home stores of lignite. One result of the economic development of Spitzbergen will be a resumption of the efforts of the Governments interested to provide an administration for what is now no man's land.

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# The New Status of Business

FROM many quarters we hear reports of the "bewilderment" of business men. They suddenly find themselves in a world which they do not half realize. Railway officials are puzzled and are asking, What next? Steel manufacturers, in the face of the most enormous demand for their products ever known, are in the greatest uncertainty on the question of prices. So of the coal-miners. They make what they consider a very generous concession in the price of coal, and then rub their eyes as they read the charge made by Cabinet officers, heads of departments which must be large purchasers of coal, that the figure which they had fixed upon, and which another member of the Cabinet had effusively thanked them for agreeing to, is "exorbitant" and unjust. It is not surprising that the business world is troubled about many things, and feels very much at sea as regards both present conditions and the outlook for the future.

It is truly a new status which has come to large business. Governmental tendencies which had been slowly shaping have been accelerated by the war. Public opinion acquiesces in measures that are almost revolutionary, on the plea that they are war necessities. In ordinary times there would have been a great outcry, and the steps which the Government is now taking nearly unchallenged would have been fought tooth and nail. War is the great expediter. It does overnight what in peace would require months and years. "We are doing it to win the war" is the sufficient excuse, and the reply to all argument. It may well be doubted, however, if the coming of peace will mean the end of the new system of government regulation of big business; certainly, there could be no return to some methods. Abolished in the silent revolution occasioned by the war, they have been put away in a cave from which there can be no footprints backward.

To describe the new régime as if it had been taken up on principle, or in a doctrinaire spirit, would be a mistake. It has been a rule-of-thumb and case-by-case process, which has the inevitable roughnesses and uncertainties of a method feeling its way. Exact definitions are out of the question here. The best test is the concrete examples. Of these we now have no lack. There is the Government's dealing with the steel men and the coal men and the copper men. There is Saturday's decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the application of the railways for authority to increase their rates. In all these instances we are able to see certain rules in the forming. The Government will not allow itself to be "held up" on the vast purchases for public account made necessary by the war. It prefers to leave the work of production to private companies, but they must make their prices "reasonable" and not expect to realize enormous profits out of the needs of the army and navy.

The general drift is perhaps best illustrated in the railway decision. First accounts of it gave a wrong impression. More careful reading shows that the plea for higher rates has been partially granted. But the most significant feature of the whole is the notification to the railway officials that they are to be kept continuously under observation. Such increases in freight charges as have been accorded them will be closely studied for their effects. The long arm of the Government is to reach out and keep a hand all the time upon railway operation. And the object of the whole is not left in the shadow. It is, in the first place, to permit—even to guarantee—a reasonable income on the money invested in railway property. Next comes the purpose to prevent the public from being mulcted. And the same two ends are, in general, sought in the governmental dealings with great manufacturers and miners.

Now, supposing this plan of procedure, inevitably imperfect and certain to work with a good deal of inequality and friction here and there, to be in the way of becoming established in this country, ought business men to be in despair over it? We think decidedly not. No destruction of property is intended. The field for individual initiative will still be left wide open. Skill and invention will continue to reap their legitimate rewards. High business talent will go on being highly paid. The finest things in a business life, its most durable satisfactions, will remain what they are. To originate, to plan largely, to get great things done—those are really the pure joys of the business world, and they will not be cut off, even if the piling up of dazzling fortunes may not be left so easy and rapid—and so offensive—as in former years.

# Operating the Draft

WASHINGTON may have had its reasons for announcing the make-up of the boards of exemption for the working of the draft law before making public its principles and rules for the guidance of exemption officials. The disadvantage that immediately comes to mind is that these officials, from the moment their names are announced, are exposed to the solicitations and indirect influences which will inevitably be brought into play. Of those who are anxious to avoid military service, a good many will not wait for the drawing of lots at Washington. They will attempt to take time by the forelock, with resulting embarrassment to the exemption officials. The natural procedure would have been to make the drawings first and to announce the exemption boards afterward. That would have automatically reduced by a very great percentage the pressure to which the exemption officials will be subjected. If, however, the War Department has seen compelling reasons for acting as it has done, we must assume that it found the question of framing the draft regulations a more complicated and trying problem than the creation of an exemption personnel. That assumption seems to be borne out by the regulations issued on Monday. These are all right as far as they go, but it may be doubted whether in the matter of exemptions they will be found to meet one essential requirement, which is that they should reduce to a minimum the interpretation of the military law by 4,000 exemption boards, while leaving to them the determination of concrete facts.

Of all the momentous war measures which the country faces, the application of the Draft law will come closest home to the people of the United States. Regulation of food, mobilization of railways and industries, embargo procedure, novel as they may be to our experience on the scale proposed, do not involve such a wrench on our national traditions and so immediate a call on personal duty and sacrifice. It is the difference between raw material and human material; and yet we must face both tasks with the same experimental machinery. All the more reason

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why the fullest possible consideration should be given to the workings of the machinery of the draft. Mistakes in the administration of food, coal, steel, ships, will undoubtedly be made before we have learned the way; but such errors can be repaired and in the meanwhile will be borne with appropriate patience. Departures from the strict standards of justice in the working of the draft will be felt more immediately and more poignantly. The great defence for conscription has been that the system is the most equitable one, as well as the most efficient one. This plea must be justified in the application of the law: in the general rules laid down at Washington as to the broad classes of exemption, first, on the basis of marital condition and economic responsibility; secondly, on the ground of occupation; thirdly, on the ground of age. On the basis of the regulations as at present determined it is with the second of these grounds of exemption that most confusion seems likely to arise.

But when Washington has done its best, it still remains true that an enormous responsibility rests with the local exemption boards. In this there is a vital difference between the creation of the new armies and all other war measures. Mr. Hoover, Gen. Goethals, the Federal Trade Commission, the National Defence Council, and the new Embargo Board cannot but act nationally. Local influences may have had a part in shaping the basic legislation, but once the laws or regulations are promulgated there can be no suspicion that Mr. Hoover or Gen. Goethals or the various boards and commissions will be greatly affected by the desires of New York or Seattle or Peoria. With the working of the draft it is the other way about. A national service must be performed by local agencies humanly exposed to the appeal of neighbors, friends, and business relations. It is too much to expect that political influences will not be brought into play. Against all such cases of special pleading the local boards must hold firm. To each member of the thousands of exemption boards there attaches a responsibility which is greater in kind, if not in mass, than the duties laid upon the national administrators at Washington. They are concerned not with economic problems, but with a very intense human problem, and they must be faithful under very serious pressure. Before the exemption boards lies the opportunity to free local government and administration in this country from the stigma of a narrow selfishness. It is the opportunity offered to thousands of communities to show that they can think nationally and impartially.

The application of the Draft law constitutes a peculiar test for the intelligence and conscience of the nation. Each State and each locality will have its own task. Iowa with a farming population to draw its quota from and New York city with an industrial and commercial population will have their different problems. These must be adjusted in accordance partly with the general regulations from Washington, partly in obedience to the dictates of common-sense, justice, and national obligation. It will be for the local boards to deal largely with the problem of the conscientious objector, since it is a problem that resolves itself into a question of individual sincerity. In this respect, as in their other duties, it is for the local boards to see to it that a war measure enacted only after the greatest reluctance and on the plea of its inherent democracy shall not be turned into an instrument for class discrimination, political favoritism, and anti-democracy in general.

# The Kaiser's Perils—Once and Now

IT was to save Germany and civilization from the Slav Peril that William II was compelled to draw the sword; so he has told his people. It was fear of the Slav Peril that won the adhesion of the German Socialists to the law of necessity which knows neither treaty rights nor human obligations. For years the court painters of the Hohenzollern had been laying on their blacks and purples and crimsons in depicting the menace from the East. The Czar's barbarian hosts were threatening to sweep across the trim garden-beds of Kultur. From out the limitless steppes the mujik horde, uncouth with vermin and vodka and the icons of superstitution and under the command of a brutal autocracy, was to hurl itself against the fair edifice of Teutonic enlightenment and reason and discipline. Perhaps the psychology of fear will explain why German Socialists, with a few honorable exceptions, did not stop to ask how the stemming of the Slav tide necessitated the martyrdom of Belgium and the devastation of northern France. When, after the first few months of war, the question did arise, it was discovered that it was not the Slav Peril, after all, but some other peril. It was not German Kultur that was in danger, but Germany's place in the sun. The Czar's formidable armies became a laughing-stock for Hindenburg's field-gray heroes. France was the enemy, and England after that, and perhaps the United States is now, but as for Russia—what did German discipline and German Kultur ever have to fear from the peasant mobs of Muscovy?

Yet events have shown that the Kaiser spoke better than he knew. There was, indeed, a Slav Peril gathering itself against him, the menace from the East which Prussianism is facing to-day. It is the peril of Russian democracy. The Slav armies may not again be able to flow into East Prussia, or to break through the Carpathians; but Russia has forged subtler weapons for the undoing of German autocracy. It has forced upon the Kaiser a defensive in which Hindenburg lines will not avail. It has put the Kaiser on the defensive against a new world hope and against the bitter doubts of a great section of his own people. It has raised mutterings within his country that Germany is not fighting for Kultur, but against a new world order, that she stands alone against the comity of civilization. This is the Slav Peril which causes a former apologist of the Hohenzollern to complain that "we Prussians cannot alone offer resistance to the great tide of the times flowing towards democracy in the midst of the German Empire, yes, of the European continent and of the whole world. We should thereby get into dangerous isolation among the nations of the earth."

The Kaiser, one can easily imagine, is more acutely aware of this new danger than some of Russia's own allies at times. In disappointment at the slackening of Russia's military effort we are too much inclined to speak of the harm which the revolution has done to the campaign plans of the Allies. We overlook the far-reaching gains. We have fallen into the habit of assuming that if the Russian armies had delivered their attack this spring the war would have been won. That is mere speculation. What is much more ascertainable is the enormous moral reinforcement which Russia has brought to her allies and the moral disintegra-

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tion which she has cast into the enemy's camp. Hindenburg said two years ago that victory would fall to the side with the stronger nerves. It is necessary only to compare the state of nerves among the nations of the Entente, fighting now in a very real sense for democracy, and the state of nerves in a country that feels itself "isolated" in the civilized world. To strike the balance between what the new Russia has withdrawn from the Allied cause and what she has given to the Allies, we need only think of the new meaning which the struggle has taken on during the last three months, of the new faith that has come to the nations of the West. In the *Atlantic Monthly* a writer speaks of the "clearing aims of the war." He speaks for the men who up to last March were still in doubt as to the merits of the bitter struggle, who could not see it as a contest between all light and all darkness. Such doubts have vanished with the disappearance of the Romanoffs. The new phase was admirably summed up by Lloyd George on Friday: "Although these distractions [Russia's] had the effect of postponing complete victory, they made victory more sure than ever, more complete than ever, and, what is more important, they made surer than ever the *quality* of the victory."

But Russia's reinforcements to the Allied cause are not the only ones. There was another peril of which the Teutonic world was accustomed to speak; not as frequently as of the Slav Peril nor officially; but speak of just the same. It was the American Peril. Much was said about the danger from *Amerikanismus* to the fine fibre of European civilization. Books were written about "Dollarika," with its rampant, gross materialism, and its blundering, money-ruled democracy. It was intimated that Germany would not be averse to assuming the leadership in the defence of European culture against transatlantic "stomach civilization." If the Russian mujik from his bogs threatened European civilization on its material side, *Amerikanismus*, money-worship, threatened the spiritual life of Europe. To-day we must admit that these Kultur champions were partly right. An American Peril is confronting the Kaiser in France; only, as in the case of Russia, it is not quite the peril that was foreseen. Not Dollarika has entered the fight, but American democracy. It is not the democracy of the new Russia, as Mr. Root so wisely pointed out to the men at Petrograd, but it looks to the new Russia with infinite sympathy and, according to our powers, with understanding. Well indeed may the Kaiser complain of the policy of "encirclement." He is caught in the democratic ring.

# The Poles of Austria

APPOINTMENT of a stop-gap Ministry gives Emperor Charles a breathing spell before grappling definitely with a serious crisis. Czech Deputies are rebellious, as Czech regiments have long been, and the Poles are clamoring for more emphatic recognition in the government of Austria. All parties in Galicia have been watching events in Russia closely, and the course of the Poles in national affairs will be shaped by international developments.

On the whole, ever since the ruthless suppression of the peasant rising in Galicia, in 1846, the Austrian Government has shown distinct partiality and a certain skill in its dealings with the Poles, favoring the nobility without actively antagonizing the rural population, and granting concessions to the national spirit which were at times galling enough to Germans and Ruthenes. In 1868 Polish became the vehicle of instruction in the University of Cracow, as it became somewhat later in the University of Lemberg, and Polish officials replaced German ones throughout Galicia. Von Grocholski entered in 1871 the first Austrian Cabinet as Minister for Galicia, and Polish influence has since made itself felt both in the Ministries and in the Reichsrat. Polish patriots have risen to leadership in the Austrian Parliament. Francis Smolka, who had been condemned to death for treason before 1848, became in 1881 President of the Lower House of the Vienna Reichsrat, and in more recent times another Galician Deputy, the Armenian Abrahamowicz, occupied the same place. Such distinctions, however, were not won without resort to skilful parliamentary tactics, and sometimes to obstinate opposition to the methods of Germanizing politicians. The Compromise of 1867 was at first a sore trial to the Poles. Dualism, with Magyar predominance, was as little to their liking as Federalism, with Bohemian autonomy, would have been. The fifty-seven Polish Deputies, whose votes could decide important parliamentary issues, withdrew from the Reichstag. As in the case of the Czechs, the policy of abstention proved successful in the long run, and the Poles have to the present day been better able to maintain their ground in the councils of the Empire than any other of the Slavic races of Austria.

The relations between the Polish aristocracy and the Austrian Government were badly strained in 1908, in consequence of the Russian propaganda, carried on among the Ruthene peasantry of Galicia. To this Count Szeptycki, the United-Greek Archbishop of Lemberg, who was subsequently taken into Russian captivity, but has since been released by the Provisional Government, lent his willing aid. The Poles, as ever opposed to Ukrainophile pretensions, were hostile alike to the efforts of Austria and Russia to strengthen their hold on the Ruthenes—the former through agents of the Catholic Church, the latter through those of the Orthodox-Greek. The tension, which led to the assassination of the Governor, Count Potocki, by a Ruthene student, resulted in the appointment, for the first time in the annals of Galicia, of a non-aristocratic Pole, the historian, Dr. Bobrzynski, to the Governorship. He endeavored to mediate, not with conspicuous success, between Poles and Ruthenes. The breach between them, in fact, widened when, in March, 1913, the Governor attempted to carry through the Galician Diet a bill for electoral reform intended to bring about a compromise. He was forced to resign, and through his successor, von Korytowski, a Polish nobleman, the ruling classes of Galicia were once more brought closer to the Vienna Government. Since then, however, developments in the Austro-German alliance have wrought a change in the attitude of Polish and Ruthene leaders towards each other and towards the Government. The Poles, through their spokesman, Count Stanislas Tarnowski, president of the Cracow Academy of Sciences, had charged the Ukrainists as early as March, 1914, in the Galician Diet, with close affiliation with the Pan-German Ostmarken-Verein, an association notoriously bent on destroying the Polish nationality. The Ruthenes then plainly showed themselves susceptible to German influence. It was generally believed by them that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, under instructions from Berlin, favored the establishment of a Ukraine state, to whose rule the children of his morganatic marriage might succeed. The war has

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ended this dream, though it has not allayed the restlessness and mutual jealousies of Poles and Ruthenes.

The question of the resuscitation of the ancient kingdom of Poland, which has now come to the front, has overshadowed the narrower Polish question in Austria. Since the issuing of the proclamation to all the Poles by Grand Duke Nicholas, in August, 1914, there has been constant interchange of thought between the Polish leaders of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. Sienkiewicz, among others, called on his compatriots everywhere to identify themselves with the cause of the Russian people, and Count Wielopolski, the president of the Polish Club of the Duma that assembled at the outbreak of the war, has stood for a compromise between Russians and Poles which was first advocated by his namesake, the Marquis Wielopolski, after the revolution of 1830.

The occupation of Galicia by the Russians introduced a new element of uncertainty into the situation. Attached as many of the prominent Poles were to the house of Hapsburg, and much as they resented the arrogance and brutality of the Russian Governor, Count Bobrinsky, who kept Lemberg under the heel of Russian autocracy, they yet felt their Polish sentiments enlisted by the liberal stirrings of Warsaw. The fortunes of war have rendered the hope of all Poles for a restoration of their ancient kingdom not entirely illusory. Apparently, Germany encourages the plans of Austria. It has been asserted that the Archduke Charles Stephen, whose sons-in-law, Prince Radziwill and Prince Czartoryski, bear names famous in the history of Poland, has been selected for the throne of the restored kingdom; but whatever faith Galician Poles may put in Austrian promises, they will look long before they leap into a Hohenzollern trap. Their position in the Hapsburg dominions during the last fifty years has been by no means intolerable, and it is now more than ever within their power to strengthen their influence.

The plan of a restored Poland under Hapsburg rule has been mooted before, and even Metternich was not wholly insincere in proposing it at a time when an alliance with France and England against Russia seemed feasible. Napoleon III, too, had his plan for restoring Poland and placing it under the rule of an Austrian archduke. Bismarck took notice, during the Crimean War, of similar ideas of various European diplomatists, but dismissed them as fantastic. But whatever he thought of Austria as a possible ruler of Poland, he never deceived himself (as little as did his successor, Prince Bülow) as to the hopelessness of any attempt on the part of Prussia to gain Polish favor. "The love of the Poles of Galicia for the German Empire," he wrote in his Recollections, "is of a fitful and opportunist nature," and he recognized that Austria had at all times a stronger hold on Polish sympathies than Germany. He admonished Germans not to look upon Poles in any other light than that of enemies, and remarked that Austria could the more easily come to terms with the Polish movement because, notwithstanding the memories of 1846, she still retained more of the sympathy of Polish nobles than either Prussia or Russia.

The world cataclysm has changed nothing in the relations of Prussia towards her Polish subjects, but a new Russia makes a new appeal to hers. At all events, there is no place in a future Poland for Hohenzollern influence, no matter what the rôle of the Hapsburgs may be in the nation that is to arise from the ashes of the present war.

# William Winter

MR. WILLIAM WINTER was long a famous dramatic critic, and a writer of books about the stage, but if he had been only that his death, at a great age, would not bring so genuine a sense of loss. He had a marked personality, which impinged upon many men of his time, and upon several fields of literary production. He was steeped in English literature and was himself master of a trenchant style which sometimes became mordant. His judgments of actors and plays and books and writers could not always be followed implicitly, but at any rate one always knew that they proceeded from ample knowledge. Mr. Winter was no improvisator in his art. Long and deep study, and the widest acquaintance with the history of the drama, gave him a background for all his opinions. There was nothing of upstart impudence about him. It was perceived that here was a man with something like fixed standards, deliberately arrived at after long study and thought and experience, and that he was applying them, like measuring rods, to the theatrical productions of the day. If this often made him seem a severe critic, the fault lay less in him than in the thing criticised! Of his intellectual integrity there was never any question; and even in the closing months of failing health he applied himself to his work with much of his old iron industry. In his generation he was an outstanding personage; and young writers, dramatic and other, would do well to make note of the qualities which caused him to be respected and that made him a real power.

Many of the leading performers of his day owed no small share of fame and fortune to his stalwart support and encouragement. He helped to create many public idols, but cared nothing for the popular verdict. It was his fierce and perfectly justified criticism of Edwin Forrest, then in the first bloom of his notoriety, that was the foundation stone of his own future renown.

Brilliant and often vital as were his pen portraits of actors and their performances, it was in his analyses of plays, their character, and their literary and dramatic value that the critical acumen of Mr. Winter was most strikingly displayed. This was especially the case when he had to deal with the creations of Shakespeare, of whom he was a profound and life-long student. His familiarity with the mere letter of the text was extraordinary, and he excelled most commentators, not only in his comprehensive grasp of the salient elements in the greatest characters of the master, but in the clarity and absorbing interest of his exposition. In such work of delicate dissection and comparison, in which there was no question of personal sympathy, his critical and perceptive power was most clearly asserted, while his imaginative gifts found their freest scope in writing of the heroines of the matchless comedies.

Upon the legitimate and literary drama he expended his best faculties. The more modern plays—*exceptis excipiendis*—the great mass of social problem pieces, the adulterous and passionate drama, cheap melodrama, and ephemeral follies, he treated with withering scorn, contemptuous indifference, or good-natured tolerance. Of the purely commercial theatre he was the inveterate foe, and upon all its unclean manifestations he discharged his most scathing invective. Yet he was no friend of the openly didactic theatre. By the human, the wholesome, and the artistic he stood unflinchingly.

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# A Teutonic Vision of Belgium

A CERTAIN Dr. Karl Buchheim has discovered the true ends of Providence in causing the war to drag on far beyond Teutonic calculation. "We Germans," he writes in the *Grenzboten,* "are a people with very little talent for practical politics, and the long period of consideration which this protracted war-time is granting us, that we may make it perfectly clear to ourselves what we are fighting for, is therefore not without its educational value." And so Herr Buchheim has set himself up as the providential pedagogue who is to enlighten his politically backward compatriots on the subject of Germany's future policy with regard to Flanders. Since the "Reichskanzler" has refused to define the limits of Germany's ambitions, we can do no better than listen to the message of Herr Buchheim, which the *Grenzboten* has trumpeted all over Germany.

The Belgium of before the war must not be restored is the leit-motif of the Pan-German prelude to the approaching European concert. Herr Buchheim's bass roars his assent. He admits, indeed, that up to now Belgium has abstained from signing the Treaty of London, so as to keep up a semblance of indifference as to the interests of the Allied Powers, as though she were fighting only for her neutrality. But every German knows what to think of this pretence. "The Belgian neutrality was already a lie before the war," and it is a matter of course that the truth-loving statesmen who lied Barnardiston's "conversation" into a "convention" can, on no account, suffer this faked neutrality to be restored. But an annexation of Belgium is no less out of the question. A non-German population thus incorporated with the Empire would claim equal rights with the Kaiser's German fellow-subjects, and the lesson of Alsace-Lorraine must have taught all Germans what troubles are involved in such a policy. Dr. Buchheim, however, has a better plan to suggest: "Instead of the old Belgium, that artificial product of a calculating, rationalistic diplomacy, the old historical Flanders must be revived."

The learned pedagogue wisely abstains from explaining what he really means by "the old historical Flanders." History knows of a twofold Flanders: Kroon-Vlaanderen, thus called because it was a feoff of the French crown, and Rijks-Vlaanderen, being a part of the German Empire ("het Rijk"), for which the Flemish Count owed allegiance to the Emperor. This latter Flanders is now incorporated with the Dutch province of Zeeland and known by the name of Zeeuwsch-Vlaanderen. Dr. Buchheim does not refer to any territory belonging to Holland, so "the old historical Flanders" whose resuscitation he advocates must be the mediæval Crown-Flanders, the feoff of the French kings, and a continual thorn in the side of their realm. But Herr Buchheim's vision of the Flemish past is incomplete. He forgets that the proud citizens of Ghent, and Bruges, and Ypres who resented the Gallophil leanings of their Count and his nobles did not look towards the German Emperor for support against them. Jacob van Artevelde, the hero and martyr of Flemish democracy, found a better ally in King Edward III, a bond between prince and burgher symbolized in the name of Artevelde's son Philip, for whom Queen Philippa stood godmother at the font. Of her relations with German Emperors, the "old historical Flanders" has recorded less pleasant memories. The unruly citizens of Bruges imprisoned the Emperor Maximilian, Count of Flanders by his marriage with Mary of Burgundy, and his grandson, Emperor Charles the Fifth, though born at Ghent, had no feelings of pity or piety for his native city when, in 1540, he chastised it for refusing the help he had demanded for his war against France. Is it this "historical Flanders," the feoff of French kings, indifferent or hostile to the German Emperor and the ally of English monarchs, that Dr. Buchheim wishes to see restored? Let us see what, according to this historian, the old Flanders will look like as the new Flanders under the German ægis.

The German watchword must be: "Nicht annektieren und doch beherrschen." Flanders is to become a German protectorate (*Schutzgebiet*). The first step towards that new state of affairs has been the administrative disintegration of Belgium into a Walloon and a Flemish half, recently carried through by the general Government at Brussels. The next step will be to give the Flemish part the civil administration of a protectorate. Herr Buchheim sees no reason why, in domestic affairs, the Flemish people should not receive a large degree of freedom, as they are a highly cultivated race sufficiently matured to bear the luxury of home rule. But however high the civilization of the Flemish people be estimated by Herr Buchheim, he thinks that they would not be the worse for some additional smattering of Kultur, which they might easily acquire by a one- or two-years' compulsory service in the German army.

The foreign relations of Flanders must, of course, be placed under the absolute control of Berlin. Economically she will also be made dependent on Germany by means of a customs union with low mutual tariffs. All British and French capital, and no less all Belgian capital that might find its way into France or Great Britain, is to be expropriated immediately after peace is declared. Should the Flemings make an outcry and complain of oppression and robbery, no notice must be taken of that. Their discontent will soon enough subside when they find that they are doing good business with Germany. It will be a more difficult problem how to convert the Flemings to the worship of the German "Staat." The cultural ties which have bound Belgium to England and France are the political ideas imported from London and Paris: Parliamentarism and Jacobinism. In order to stem this democratic, anti-Kultur tide, the Germans will do well if they undertake the administration of the Flemish protectorate in close alliance with the Roman Catholic clergy, the chief stronghold of conservatism in Flanders. The German officials who are to organize the new Flanders should be chosen from among the Roman Catholics of the Lower Rhine provinces, who, of all the Kaiser's subjects, are most closely related to their Flemish fellow-believers. If these hints of his are taken to heart, Herr Buchheim predicts, in the near future, the growth of a Flemish allegiance to Germany no less miraculous than the effect of British rule in South Africa.

In this same *Grenzboten* that propagates these ideas among its Pan-German readers a Fräulein Käthe Miethe gives an estimate of Herr Buchheim's "highly cultivated Flemings" which throws a shrill light on the insincerity of this German eulogy of Flemish culture under the nurture of the Church of Rome. Fräulein Miethe's subject is the importance of French influence on Holland, and leav-

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ing Germany's political ambitions with regard to Belgium out of account, she is under no necessity of concealing her German contempt for those priest-ridden Belgians "who from the highest to the lowest let the clergy think and act for them." But Herr Buchheim's speculations are not half as insincere as they are naïve. The Germans have found a small party of Flemings in Belgium, foolish or wicked enough to support them in the disintegration of their own Belgian country. These men have, under German control, constituted themselves into what they preposterously call the Council for Flanders, they have gone to Berlin, have discussed the German future of the Flemish protectorate with the Imperial Chancellor, and have drunk beer with His Excellency to the success of their schismatic action. But to build on the conduct of these traitors and misguided victims of German intrigue the hope of a Germanized Flanders betrays a naïve ignorance of the actual state of affairs. The political leader of the Flemish Roman Catholics, Mr. F. van Cauwelaert, who edits, at The Hague, his weekly paper, *Vrij België*, in a loyal and patriotic spirit, would be the last person to support or even condone a traitorous alliance of his party with the Government that is responsible for the sack of Louvain, the massacre of Aerschot, and a long series of minor atrocities. The only man of undeniable power who has greeted the constitution of the "Council for Flanders" as the dawn of a better day is the gifted poet René de Clercq, now a refugee in Holland. But he, a rebel by nature and artistic temperament, the singer of "The Threshers' Song," song of revolt against the rich landowners for whom the disinherited laborers are toiling on the Flemish soil, threshing the corn that their masters may get richer, will he be satisfied to return to a German protectorate and see his people thresh the corn for the Prussian Land-Junker? A. J. BARNOUW

*The Hague, May 17*

# The Humanism of Thoreau

ONE hundred years from his birth and some fifty years from his death, Thoreau has come into his own, perhaps more than his own. Obscure and contentedly "unsuccessful" while his friend Emerson was the anointed leader of a spiritual, social, and literary movement, he has since his death steadily advanced in popular and critical favor, until now he stands almost side by side with the shining leader himself. During his lifetime the author of two books, he has now to his credit no less than twenty volumes. The first edition of his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," a copy of which recently sold at about one hundred dollars at auction, was so dismal a failure that the publisher returned the greater part of the edition, and the author found the growth of his library very suddenly accelerated: "I have now," he reported, "a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

But the interpretation of Thoreau and his writing has been even more unsettled than his reputation. His personality is so pronounced and at the same time so subtle and various that he is inevitably many things to many people. He has been regarded as an American Diogenes and a rural Barnum; as a narrow Puritan, a rebel against Puritanism, and a German-Puritan romanticist; as a poet-naturalist; as a sentimentalist; as a hermit; as a loafer; as a poser; as a prig and skulker; as a cynic; as a stoic; as an epicurean. Certainly he is not all of these; possibly he is several of them, or none of them—something else, rather. The one encouraging fact is that he is, permanently, what he is. Our task, therefore, a century after his birth, is still in the main one of discovery.

## I.

It has been shown often enough that Thoreau was not fundamentally a scientist, not even a field naturalist, despite his addiction to the observation and recording of natural appearances and phenomena. It was not to study the fauna and flora of Middlesex County that he spent his life in roaming daily over his familiar native countryside, though that was clearly one of his purposes; nor was it to view the ever-changing landscape with the charmed eye of the artist, though that too was clearly one of his purposes. How, then, are we to account for these two facts: first, that he devoted himself so ardently to nature, and, secondly, that he held himself aloof from the life of men? The two facts have been neatly, but not convincingly, related by Thoreau's latest critic, who, finding that Thoreau failed to derive from his human friendships that "complete sympathy and toleration" which his ideal demanded, "went *therefore* to Nature, and was satisfied with her companionship."* We may be sure, for one thing, that Thoreau was attracted to nature, not for a single reason, but for several reasons, as other people are. After all, he was something of a naturalist, and he was more of an artist than has been generally recognized. But what more than anything else brought him out in all weathers—rain, snow, sleet, fog—alone or with a more than superfluous companion, ever and again to the old forest shrines and hillcrest temples, was the mystic's hope of detecting "some trace of the Ineffable." "If by patience, if by watching, I can secure one ray of light, can feel myself elevated for an instant upon Pisgah, the world which was dead prose to me become living and divine, shall I not watch ever? Shall I not be a watchman henceforth? If by watching a whole year on the city's walls I may obtain a communication from heaven, shall I not do well to shut up my shop and turn a watchman?" So he sold his mornings to the Philistines, and, shutting up his shop, dedicated his afternoons to the gods. Far afield he wandered, to shaggy wildernesses inhabited by apparitions of the red Indian, to kindly valleys basking in light, now seeking the alien comradeship of the muskrat and the great blue heron, and again the

"Jest and youthful jollity"

of the bobolink and the buttercups; or, less often, in the village itself he would study the habits of men, "as curious to me as if they had been prairie-dogs." His life was a quest of the Holy Grail, undertaken in all purity of body and mind and soul, and in the fulness of faith and devotion. "We always seem to be living," he felt, "just on the brink of a pure and lofty intercourse," and he would live so alertly as to be ever ready for the slightest relentings of

*Mark Van Doren, *Henry David Thoreau:* A Critical Study, p. 37.

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the austere gods of the universe. "No man knoweth," he wrote, "in what hour his life may come."

The hint might issue from any source. "It needs but a few wisps of straw in the sun, or some small word dropped, or that has long lain silent in some book." It might be in the strains of a sparrow, or in the expression of Indian grass, *Sorghum nutans,* which, on one occasion, haunted him for a week "like the glance of an eye," or in an

> Unrecorded beam slanted across
> Some upland pasture where the Johnswort grew,

or in the sudden vision of fresh water above the station on returning to Concord after a trip, or even in the cosmical hum of a mosquito. To one who ranged over the countryside in this conviction, nature could indeed have no monotony; this Izaak Walton of the soul demanded no captured fish, but would be content with faint nibbles or none, for reminiscence and expectation could fill many a dull hour and landscape with golden visions.

Far from holding intercourse with nature easy—to be had whenever he chose to paralyze mind and will so that his sensuous life might mingle with that of nature unhindered—Thoreau was fully aware of the actual elusiveness of nature. "Nature is so reserved!" he exclaims in a mood all too rare in these days of facile intercourse. "She always retreats as I advance." "A momentous silence reigns always in the woods, and their meaning seems just ripening into expression. But alas! they make no haste." This is the open secret of nature. He professes no esoteric initiation; he is no priest of nature, but, like all human beings, a mere layman, absolutely devoted, now and then rewarded with a glimpse of the holy of holies, but a glimpse of a thing so rare, so strange, so perfect, that when it is over it leaves no distinct image. Nature did not hold aloof, he felt, without good reason. If she seemed to bend over him with sympathy, he might as well spare himself the delirium of proximity, for perfect knowledge of her she would never grant.

## II.

Was not the thing he sought, after all, not out there in nature, in the pine groves and upland grasses, but within his own mind and heart? Steadily conscious as he is of his love of the outward, in his profounder hours Thoreau remembers happily the supremacy of the inward. Man, not nature, is foremost in his view, despite the all but universal impression to the contrary in Thoreau's "public" to-day.

For one thing, it is easily shown that the idealism which, in a crude, sketchy form, served him as a working philosophy, offered every encouragement for a preference of man to nature; "man is all in all, Nature nothing, but as she draws him out and reflects him." He would fain get a side view, he says, a suggestive glimpse of a thing, rather than stare it in the face deliberately, because what really concerns him is not there, but consists in his relation to it. The thing itself is "a mere reflecting surface." All harks back to the spiritual universe within man, all points to the inferiority of the actual. Stirred by the dramatic drowning of Margaret Fuller, he is perplexed at the "singular prominence and importance" commonly attached to the "stream of events which we consent to call actual," and concludes brusquely enough, "I do not think much of the actual. . . . It is a sort of vomit in which the unclean love to wallow." Far more real is "that other mightier stream which carries us along with it." On the one stream our bodies float; on the other, our spirits. That dualistic division is unquestionably Thoreau's normal view. Once, and I think once only, he expressed himself as having faith in the senses because, if we only perfected them, we might see God. "Are we to be put off and amused in this life, as it were with a mere allegory? Is not Nature, rightly read, that of which she is commonly taken to be the symbol merely?" This exaltation of the Flux, dictated by impatience, reminds us of the mood of pantheistic revery which Thoreau now and then indulged. But the conception is even rarer than the mood, and does not count in comparison with the innumerable references to nature as a symbol of spirit.

A familiar statement occurs in the attractive poem entitled "The Inward Morning," of which the first two stanzas read:

> Packed in my mind lie all the clothes
> Which outward nature wears,
> And in its fashion's hourly change
> It all things else repairs.
>
> In vain I look for change abroad,
> And can no difference find,
> Till some new ray of peace uncalled
> Illumes my inmost mind.

Day would not dawn, he says, were it not for this inward morning. In the mind is all; there lie packed all the clothes of nature ("like a young lady's trunk going to Mount Desert," says the lively Channing), and what the mind chooses to wear, or is inspired to wear, determines what the aspect of nature is. "This earth which is spread out like a map around me is but the lining of my inmost soul exposed." "The seasons and all their changes are in me. . . . Almost I believe the Concord would not rise and overflow its banks again, were I not here. After a while I learn what my moods and seasons are. . . . The perfect correspondence of Nature to man, so that he is at home in her!" "Our thoughts and sentiments answer to the revolutions of the seasons, as two cog-wheels fit into each other. A year is made up of a certain series and number of sensations and thoughts which have their language in nature." If I am excited by the roar of a cataract, I may well remember that there is "a waterfall which corresponds even to Niagara somewhere within" me. If I would see my own mind, I look at the sky. Even the smallest things in nature are the counterpart of a spiritual substance within us—"Each humblest plant, or weed, as we call it, stands there to express some thought or mood of ours." "Now I am ice, now I am sorrel," so deftly do we fit each other.

> I am the autumnal sun,
> . . . . . .
> I am all sere and yellow,
> And to core mellow.
> The mast is dropping within my woods,
> The winter is lurking within my moods.

Time and space are but forms of thought. "I am time and the world. . . . In me are summer and winter, village life and commercial routine, pestilence and famine and refreshing breezes, joy and sadness, life and death." And he concludes by asking a question that must have taken him a long way—"Why did I invent time but to destroy it?"

Thus, as Thoreau roamed over his Concord countryside, he was, as he knew at bottom, becoming acquainted with himself, with the spiritual universe latent in him as in

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every man, and not simply with outward nature. This spiritual universe he looked upon as static, fixed for all time, as in Plato, so that his task was to come to know it, rather than, as in the contemporary German philosophy, to create it for himself. He could write, in the German way, "This world is but a canvas to our imaginations"; yet his was no world-positing ego—instinctively, if he had understood Fichte and his followers, he would have shunned that invitation to excess, to infinite longing, to indulgence in the nauseating delights of the lower ranges of human emotion. The idea of correspondence, indeed, meant in his case a veritable discipline. Nature will not reveal man to himself unless he fits himself to perceive the correspondence. He is to rely, not on the outer world of nature, but on his own inner nature—"the pond will not seem like a mountain tarn, but a low pool, a silent muddy water, a place for fishermen." He knew that he could not get the better of nature, drive a shrewd Yankee bargain with such as she: here, as in political economy, he says, supply answers to demand. "Nature does not cast pearls before swine. There is just as much beauty visible to us in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate—not a grain more." He proceeds to explain this by reminding us of the familiar truth that different persons see different objects in nature, that you see mainly what you are looking for, that when you have once become familiar with the idea, or image, of a plant, for example, you can hardly see anything else. Nature's supply depends on your demand, your fitness to receive. This view accounts, in part, for the discipline of the will and mind to which Thoreau made himself submit.

Depreciating the actual, he asserts roundly that "our thoughts are the epochs in our lives: all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here." The truly rich man, he says, is he who finds delight in his own thoughts. Such were the Hindus, with their perpetual contemplation. Such was he himself, when the gods were kind. "If I am visited by a thought, I chew that cud each successive morning, as long as there is any flavor in it. Until my keepers shake down some fresh fodder." His life at Walden offered a perfect opportunity for reflection, and well did he use it. Some of his pleasantest hours there, he tells us, were during the interminable rain-storms of spring and autumn, when, confined to his hut, he enjoyed a long evening memorable in its soothing roar of the elements and its sense of solitude, "in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves." No doubt his thinking assumed various forms: more often syllogistic than Emerson's, it was also more fanciful, and, if not so elevated, was perhaps more flexible. Not often was it idle, inchoate dreaming. There was a backbone in his mind, so to speak, that would bend but not yield completely. Though clothed in images, his thoughts were not the disordered dream of the nerveless sentimentalist, but shone before him bright as the world of the Greek. His mind had clarity, delicacy, grasp, penetration, masculine energy, as his books show. The man who wrote "Walden" was not given to empty revery, but to genuine reflection and contemplation.

Wittingly beset by the tyranny of observation, Thoreau welcomed occasions that encouraged thinking. Walking by night had at least this advantage, he found, that moonlight is more favorable to reflection than sunlight. "The intense light of the sun unfits me for meditation, makes me wander in my thought; my life is too diffuse and dissipated." Again, he liked certain unseasonable days in midsummer, when "the coolness concentrated your thought." Solitude, again, invited fruitful brooding, as society did not, and he was therefore glad to spend most of his days apart from men. Observation and reflection together succeeded in worsting the hobgoblin of solitude—a miserable loneliness; for only once in the Walden solitude did Thoreau experience an unpleasant sense of being alone, and then but "for an hour." The solitude of winter he rejoiced in, the "dear privacy and retirement and solitude which winter makes possible"! That was his favorite season, if he had one, and first of all it stood for the inward life, as his italics suggest: "Winter, with its *inwardness*, is upon us. A man is constrained to sit down, and to think." Far from needing a rich, glowing landscape, he was deeply satisfied with the cold and barren splendors of winter and of autumn—for "November Eatheart" was also very dear to him. He relished a November day such "as will almost oblige a man to eat his own heart. . . . Ah, but is not this a glorious time for your deep inward fires?" He liked to assert that his inward wealth was in steadfast proportion to the outward poverty and dreariness, and doubtless we may believe him. But, after all, there is an occasion for reflection superior to any of those already mentioned. Thinking he viewed sometimes as the clearing-house for impressions, or "influences," more or less unconsciously gathered in his converse with the outer world; and he was wise enough to recognize that the best place for this clarification was within doors. "Out of doors," he confesses, "my thought is commonly drowned, as it were, and shrunken, pressed down by stupendous piles of light ethereal influences, for the pressure of the atmosphere is still fifteen pounds to a square inch. I can do little more than preserve my equilibrium and resist the pressure of the atmosphere. I can only nod like the rye-heads in the breeze. I expand more surely in my chamber, as far as expression goes, as if that pressure were taken off; but here outdoors is the place to store influences." His expression expands, he means, of course, because his mind contracts, concentrates. If expansive, partly obedient to the currents of nature, when out of doors, he concentrated within doors, allying himself with that greater stream of the eternities—"The stream I love unbounded flows," to use the phrase of his friend Emerson. In the presence of nature, he prized sounds; in his chamber, silence, "the communing of a conscious soul with itself." Sound, he remarks, is when we hear outwardly, silence when we hear inwardly. Silence, like nearly everything that he rated highly, is thus of man, not of nature: "It takes a man to make a room silent," or, he might have added, to make nature silent.

Despite all his observation, despite the acuteness of his perceptive faculties, he was an ardent votary of what he termed "a kind of Brahminical, Artesian, Inner Temple life." It pleased him to contrast his own piety with the brazen triviality of his fellow-men, who toiled and chattered and bargained and cheated and wallowed in the actual, while he found joy, peace, and certainty in the unchanging real. While they sent forth their "confused *tintinnabulum*," he hearkened to the still voices of Silence and Solitude, and came to his bearings. He was a *Doppelgänger* with a difference, for the part of him that, as he says, was spectator to the rest, ironically forming its own opinions and uttering them, was the universal spirit, "no more I than it is you." Instead of being "wholly involved in Nature," he was subservient to the spirit within. This, and not nature, was the inspirer that he referred to when he suggested that, if he

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did not keep pace with his companions, it was because he heard a different drummer.

His was no gospel of loafing and inviting the soul. Instead of merely inviting the soul, he would go to bring her, and instead of loafing, he would work unceasingly. *This* was his gospel, rather: "Many of our days should be spent, not in vague expectations and lying on our oars, but in carrying out deliberately and faithfully the hundred little purposes which every man's genius must have suggested to him." There was a grim deliberation and an inflexible faithfulness about everything that Thoreau did; he did not lie on his oars and drift with the current, but sat stiffly at the helm, directing his course with, if anything, an excess of concentration. He knew, if no one else did, where he was going, and in his mastery had a lively contempt for the sentimental mode of life, which, as he puts it, does not set a goal before itself and "cannot build a causeway to its objects," but idly "sits on a bank looking over a bog, singing its desires." The tormenting desires of European romanticism—the sighs, the aching void, the meltings, the sweet abandon, the infinite weariness—were more remote from him than was the common-sense of the eighteenth century. Whatever romantic traits he had were held in check by an intellectual attitude that reminds one of the deists, and an emotional attitude that reminds one of the Puritans.

"All wisdom is the reward of a discipline, conscious or unconscious"; "That aim in life is highest which requires the highest and finest discipline"—in such remarks do we come very close to the essential Thoreau. The straight and narrow way of right living is indicated by one's "genius," or inner light. Obey your genius—obey it fully—and you have submitted to the sternest of taskmasters. Thoreau, at least, did not ask, "What do I desire?" but "What *ought* I to desire—what does that heart of flame within me, unconcerned, disinterested as a judge, demand of me?" So soon as he saw his goal, he proceeded thitherward without rest or deviation.

The goal, of course, was always an inward one. While the sentimentalist tried to escape from his self—losing his sense of separateness by immersion in outward nature, or in the life of a past time, or in the rapt harmony of music, Thoreau unflinchingly stared his self in the face, and studied it. "The art of life! . . . By what disciplines to secure the most life, with what care to watch our thoughts. To observe what transpires, not in the street, but in the mind and heart of me!" Never, in one sense, has there been a more introspective writer than Thoreau. He watched his mind as a cat watches a mouse hole; and when the thought or feeling ventured forth, he pounced upon it with a skill born of long practice, and recorded it in his journal that night, and there it reposed, one more bit of real life won from chaos. He cared little, as I have said, for the factual world—events, even the largest, if they "transpired" outside his private universe, were insignificant. It did not occur to him that he might inhabit a double universe by bringing "the street" into his private universe and making fast friends of them. People in general committed the error of living in the street, and therefore, it seems, he would see what might be learned by living in his own "mind and heart." If he was not great enough to live wisely in both, he at least lived most thoroughly, most "intensively," in his chosen world. And this world was boundless. He was rarely introspective in the sense that he was solicitous of the welfare and the personal phenomena of Henry David Thoreau; when he looked within, it was to study spirit, soul, mind, the divinity in man. He was often quite indifferent as to Henry David Thoreau, in his absorption in the fragment of the general soul that chanced to dwell in that personality. Whoever can hold his faculties to this high enterprise may be called provincial or narrow in a most limited sense, for the self that is studied is essentially the self of everybody—the universal self.

III.

If we apply Sainte-Beuve's method to Thoreau by studying him through his disciples, we shall be brought to the conclusion that he was an anchorless poetic soul drifting in the life of Nature and embracing divinity at will; fervidly worshipping Nature "for her own sake" (whatever that may mean), and spurning everything that is distinctively human. Nothing could be further from the truth. It has been the ill fortune of Thoreau to be most seriously misunderstood by those who have most needed to understand him—those who have sought to imitate or emulate him. Huxley remarked of Newman that one could extract from his writings a veritable book of infidelity; similarly, one could find in Thoreau's work good reason for regarding him primarily as a misanthrope or a "Nature-lover" or almost anything else. But he was more nearly an exponent of humanism than of naturalism. More in the flux than Emerson, and committed, like Emerson, to the romantic doctrine of individualism, he nevertheless shared with Emerson an abiding sense of the universal in man, and, owing to his love of the classics as well as to the Puritan tradition, he had a conception of the spiritual life that perhaps transcends in profundity and elevation (but not in expression) anything to be found in the European romantic movement, including Wordsworth. In comparison with Emerson, moreover, it may be said of him that, if he did not habitually dwell in that high plateau region in which Emerson was ever at home, he yet had a feeling for dialectic that renders him more pungent than Emerson and an instinct for discipline that we do not find in the one genuinely "beautiful soul" of Concord. He is for those who would live in the spirit without ceasing to live in the concrete show world. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains."

NORMAN FOERSTER

# Correspondence

## APOLOGIA PRO PHILOSOPHIA

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To be charged with a colossal crime by people who have hitherto ignored or despised you is a bewildering and not entirely unpleasant experience. This was the fate of the Socialists at the outset of the Great War, for everybody pointed out that if only the Socialists in all lands had held true to their internationalist principles no nation could have mobilized. It is the fate, also, of a far less conspicuous group: the philosophers. For we of this rather downtrodden class are amazed to discover that certain great ones among us have suddenly and swiftly been translated from the accustomed obscurity of our negligible occupation

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of thinking into the commanding position of *authors of the war*. The example which will occur to every one is that of Nietzsche, who from the beginning has been pilloried as extoller of force, decrier of pity, and thus "the apostle of the new Germany." But there be greater than Nietzsche whose teachings are looked upon as the ferment of Prussianism. The "two-world theory" of Kant and the alleged Hegelian identification of the Absolute with the German state "contributed," according to Prof. John Dewey, "an indispensable ingredient to the contemporary German spirit." And in the *Atlantic* an historian proves to us that Herbert Spencer's confusion of militarism with "predaciousness" is largely responsible for "the difficulties that have so far defeated all efforts to substitute international arbitration for war."

It is fair to note in passing that these estimates have not been accepted unchallenged by all readers. For example, many competent thinkers follow Lichtenberger and Royce in conceiving Nietzsche as "no partisan of mere self-will," as a preacher of the "virtue of inner power" which is "not brute force." So, also, students of Kant remind us that besides teaching "the bare form of an empty law of duty" he emphasized with equal vigor the maxim: "Act so as to use humanity whether in thine own person or in that of another always as an end and never merely as a means." And they find it odd that Kant's moral philosophy should be supposed to influence his nation towards aggressive warfare when these same moral principles, in Kant's own experience, bore fruit in the essay on "Everlasting Peace," in which he frames the conditions of a great world-federation of states: democratic government, open diplomacy, and disarmament.

But the main purpose of these paragraphs is to call attention to the novel position in which philosophers find themselves—not to criticise the arguments by which this change in their status is justified. And if it be true that the erroneous speculations of the philosophers have led men and nations astray, there is hope that clear thought may lead to justice in the conduct of affairs. For the assumption underlying the attack on the philosophers is that theory has a bearing on practice, that meditation is essential to efficiency, that the reasoners as well as the executors play a needed part in the world drama—in a word, that thinking affects living. For this *apologia pro philosophia* let us be profoundly grateful.

MARY WHITON CALKINS

*Wellesley College, June 24*

## WILHELM II, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the apparently overwhelming influence exerted by the far from silent member of the firm of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg & Company upon the less voluble and less ignoble member of the concern, the following anecdote, while destitute perhaps of any marked significance, may not be totally devoid of interest.

At the time of the Algeciras Conference the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs was Count Goluchowski. On the success of his efforts in bringing matters diplomatically to a happy conclusion, he was the recipient of a telegram (April 9, 1906), from the Kaiser, who, in his own inimitably suave manner tinged with characteristic Prussian finesse, thanked him for what he had done, stating that he had proved himself a "brilliant second on the duelling ground." This telegram was received warmly if not kindly in Austria by the press and people. On June 6 the Kaiser paid a visit to Vienna, and it is to this visit that the anecdote refers.

"A few months later William II was in Vienna. Once more his satisfaction betrayed itself and always in the same tone. One evening in a drawing-room (in which Francis Joseph did not happen to be), while talking with his Ambassador the German Emperor turned suddenly to Count Goluchowski and addressing him in familiar fashion, said:

" 'Golu! Golu! Come over here and sit down beside your Emperor.'

"Of course, this was only a *façon de parler*, but 'Golu' felt that it was *un peu cavalière*. He took his seat beside *'his'* Emperor and listened resignedly to the compliments which had been reserved for him" ("Georges Villiers—Le Comte Goluchowski et la France," *Revue Bleue*, November 3, 1906).

WM. A. MCLAUGHLIN

*Ann Arbor, Mich., June 14*

## DR. FLEXNER'S FIGURES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article on "The Sham Argument Against Latin" in the issue of June 7, 1917, the full weakness of Dr. Flexner's percentages is not shown. Dr. Flexner does not seem to take into account that a very large number of boys and girls from the high schools and preparatory schools enter many colleges by certificate without taking entrance examinations. These pupils, naturally enough, are the bright ones of the schools who have a high average rank in their studies. Therefore very many pupils who take the College Board examinations, in fact all who enter colleges that allow certificates from high-grade schools, are the pupils of low average rank whom the teachers are not willing "to certify."

WENDELL P. PARKER

*South High School, Worcester, Mass., June 18*

## LEIGH HUNT—A TIMID PROPHET OF VERS LIBRE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The real friends of *vers libre* would resent, I am sure, the suggestion that novelty constitutes the chief excellence of this interesting poetic phenomenon. They may well fear, indeed, that emphasis on mere newness is in danger of blinding the public to intrinsic beauties of the genre which should not be obscured by petty considerations of chronology. Free verse, in order to be appreciated on its merits, must be freed from the unjust charge of recency, as well as from the conventional restrictions which apply to other literary forms. Nor is it necessary for one to go back as far as the Song of Solomon in the King James Version, or even as far as Macpherson's Ossianic poems, in order satisfactorily to refute the argument that free verse is an innovation. Even so comparatively modern a period as the early Victorian age gives a comfortable margin of priority and takes away the reproach of brand-newness.

The following passage, quoted from Leigh Hunt, is one of several experiments which that author made in free verse. I have taken the liberty of spacing it in such a

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a way as to obtain the visual effect which *vers libristes* of to-day evidently consider so important.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

The golden line is drawn
Between winter and summer.
Behind, all is bleakness, and darkness,
And dissolution.
Before, is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers,
And the sweet season of hay;
And people will cross the fields,
Reading, or walking with one another (lovers);
And instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things,
Will be the rain which they drink with delight;
And there will be sleep on the grass at mid-day,
And early rising in the morning,
And long moonlight evenings with quiet walks;
And we shall sit with our window open,
And hear the rooks. . . .

For the convenience of those who may wish to contrast the earlier and the later methods of printing *vers libre*, the passage is repeated below, being given this time in the prose form which Hunt employed:

The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind, all is bleakness, and darkness, and dissolution. Before, is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields, reading, or walking with one another (lovers); and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at mid-day, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings with quiet walks; and we shall sit with our window open, and hear the rooks. . . .

Leigh Hunt, not having the modern advertising instinct, was unable to foresee the possibilities of his poetic sketches. Not only did he overlook the opportunity for effective typographical arrangement, to aid his poor commas; he seems to have had entirely too modest a notion of the literary value of his compositions in this form. He called them "Dreams on the Borders of the Land of Poetry," and he apologized for them as being hasty jottings of the materials for poems, rather than poems themselves. In his introduction to a collection of these poetic fragments, he described the type as follows:

I have not been in the habit of making memorandums for my verses. Such verse as I could write I have written at once. But the older I grow, the more reverent notions I entertain of poetry; and as I cannot aspire to put anything into verse, and pretend to call it poetry, without shaping it in the best manner of which I am capable (for poetry, without the fit sculpture of verse, is no more to be called poetry than beauty conceived is beauty accomplished), so I have neither leisure to pay it the requisite attention, nor can I afford the spirit and emotion necessary for this task above all others. . . . But I have the wish to be a poet, and thoughts will arise within me as painful not to express as a lover's. I therefore write memorandums for verse; thoughts that might perhaps be worthy of putting into that shape, if they could be properly developed; hints and shadows of something poetical, that have the same relationship to actual poetry as the little unborn spirits that perish by the waters of Lethe have to the souls that visit us, and become immortal.

Had Leigh Hunt properly appreciated the possibilities of the poetic genre which he thus blunderingly discovered, he might, by judicious advertising, have changed the current—or at least, the typography—of nineteenth-century literature. To be sure, there were some obstacles which he might not easily have overcome. As those who have read his "What is Poetry?" will recall, Hunt had certain prejudices regarding the form and substance of poetry which would have made it difficult for him to do full justice to *vers libre*. It will also be remembered that he lived in an unhappy age of slashing reviews and scathing criticism. One does not associate with Macaulay, Jeffrey, and their contemporaries the universal literary tolerance which characterizes twentieth-century criticism. But, supposing Hunt to have been successful in launching the type, what might he not have contributed to literature! Many of his own essays, with their bright images and memorable phrases, might have been rescued from the unpretentious form of prose, to appear in numberless volumes of free verse. Poets since his time might have increased the extent and the impressiveness of their collected works by converting their notes into extra volumes of amply margined poetry. Even mute, inglorious Miltons might have found courage to publish in this easier form the clamorous thoughts and yearnings of their hitherto inarticulate souls, thus vastly increasing the total literary output and democratizing the company of poetic practitioners. Hunt might have become the patron saint of *vers libristes*, and in some one's golden anthology his name might, like his own Abou Ben Adhem's, have led all the rest.

C. W. PARK

*University of Cincinnati, June 6*

# BOOKS

## Terms of Peace

*The Nature of Peace.* By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

THE month of January, 1917, was an unfortunate time for the publication of a book whose aim is in part to indicate the probable outcome of international relations upon the basis of the contemporary situation. Yet it must be said that the great events which have occurred since Mr. Veblen's book went to press have been at least perfectly consistent with his point of view—a fact which, indeed, makes it the more regrettable that he did not have the Russian revolution and the entrance of America into the war as additional points of view for his prophetic eye.

As the full wording of the title indicates, Mr. Veblen's book is "an inquiry into the nature of peace and the terms of its perpetuation." It is written in the author's usual flowing and ironical style, always crisp though often wordy. The reader who has plenty of time will enjoy reading all that Mr. Veblen has to say; the hurried reader will gather all that Mr. Veblen means by skipping the last half of nearly every paragraph.

The modern state, in the author's opinion, is the foe of perpetual peace as a natural result of its descent from the feudal establishments of the Middle Ages. The modern masses, on the other hand, are beginning to see that their real interests are endangered and destroyed by war. Long before this, in fact, they would have put an end to the madness of militarism and to the feudal type of state itself had not the ruling classes in all nations seen that their prestige was dependent upon the older views, and consequently used their enormous influence to inculcate into each generation of the masses the old-time virtue of patriotism. "Patriotism may be defined as a sense of partisan solidarity in respect of prestige. . . . It belongs under the

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general caption of sportsmanship rather than of workmanship." It is ever bent on an invidious success, its major purpose being the defeat and humiliation of some competitor. In its essence it has as little to do with solid human values as the flowers that bloom in the spring. But it is kept alive by the ruling classes, and the common man meekly nourishes it as his supreme duty and accepts "the immaterial goods of vicarious prestige" as the first article of his faith. Veblen thus puts patriotism into the artificial category into which Mandeville, long before him, put all the virtues. Doubtless a certain kind of jingo sentiment which commonly goes under the name patriotism is quite artificial enough to belong under Veblen's description; but it is hard to believe that patriotism means nothing more than this, or that the author's eighteenth-century theory as to its inculcation will account for all the facts. It seems a bit unlikely that you can fool all the people all the time; and most of us have known a form of patriotism that meant something more than invidious prestige.

We may all, however, agree with Mr. Veblen that patriotism of the "sportsmanship" order is the abiding source of most wars. Mr. Veblen, moreover, is willing in his turn to agree with the rest of us that not all patriotism is of the aggressive sort. The nations of the world he divides into two rather sharply contrasted groups: those which may safely be counted on spontaneously to take the offensive, and those which will fight only on provocation. To the former class belong Germany and her allies and Japan; to the latter the English and French-speaking peoples and most of the smaller nations. With Russia (which in January was still "Imperial Russia") Mr. Veblen does not know what to do; and surely his hesitation was well grounded. The antiquated ideals of the dynastic state and the emulative type of patriotism are so ingrained in the mind of the German people through a thousand years of feudal custom that a lasting peace on any terms of equality with Imperial Germany is simply out of the question. A neutral peace compact may be practicable in the absence of Germany, but with Germany it would be quite impossible. Hence the pathway to peace is plainly twofold: complete submission to Germany, or the virtual elimination of Imperial Germany as a national power.

In spite of our natural (patriotic) repugnance towards submission, it surely deserves serious consideration. German rule might be unpleasant, but, Mr. Veblen reminds us, our German rulers would probably be too wise to demand "more than the traffic would bear." The material interests of the common man might be better served by submission to an admittedly efficient government than by the terribly expensive war which would be necessary if the Fatherland had to be eliminated or revolutionized. However, Mr. Veblen recognizes that even if submission could be proved wise, it would almost certainly be rejected—even the common man is still too idealistic (or too patriotic) to accept it. Hence, if we are to have anything more than a truce leading to new and greater wars, the present struggle must be continued until the collapse of Imperial Germany, after which a league of the peace-loving nations may be formed with some hope of really putting an end to war. The success of such a league will depend on the willingness of the various peoples who make it up to do away with the causes of jealousy and invidious prestige and to neutralize as much of our common life as possible. Foremost among the things which Mr. Veblen would neutralize are trade and citizenship. The peoples of the present German coalition, moreover, should be admitted to the league and treated "not as vanquished enemies, but as fellows in undeserved misfortune brought on by their culpable masters." But the immediate need is to end the war on terms that shall make a lasting peace possible. Nor does the author leave us, as most writers do, with merely this very general statement. Perhaps the most interesting thing in his book is the very definite set of peace terms which he proposes, a list containing so much that is original and suggestive that it is worth quoting here entire:

(1.) The definite elimination of the Imperial establishment, together with the monarchical establishments of the several states of the Empire and the privileged classes;

(2.) Removal or destruction of all warlike equipment, military and naval, defensive and offensive;

(3.) Cancelment of the public debt of the Empire and of its members—creditors of the Empire being accounted accessory to the culpable enterprise of the Imperial Government;

(4.) Confiscation of such industrial equipment and resources as have contributed to the carrying on of the war, as being also accessory;

(5.) Assumption by the League at large of all debts incurred, by the Entente belligerents or by neutrals, for the prosecution or by reason of the war, and distribution of the obligation so assumed, impartially among the members of the League, including the peoples of the defeated nations;

(6.) Indemnification for all injury done to civilians in the invaded territories; the means for such indemnification to be procured by confiscation of all estates in the defeated countries exceeding a certain very modest maximum, calculated on the average of property owned, say, by the poorer three-fourths of the population—the kept classes being properly accounted accessory to the Empire's culpable enterprise.

## The Amiable Formula

*The Definite Object.* By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

*The American Ambassador.* By Lawrence Byrne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Hundredth Chance.* By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The Triflers.* By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Lifted Veil.* By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers.

READERS who like and respect the fiction that interprets are prone to special impatience with the fiction that merely diverts, because it seems so stupid. How few and narrow the little conventions on which it rests, how tiresomely it repeats itself, making its mock of commonsense and human nature with shallow xylophonic laughter. Like the easy comedy and melodrama of the people's stage, it fishes for illusion with a bent pin. It is frankly for the client who wishes to be fooled: he must shut one eye and put a rose-colored glass over the other, must refuse to see the wheels and the wires, the faded properties and palimpsest scenery, the stock situations, the everlasting types. No doubt he feels, however obscurely, that it has all meant something, for courage or for oblivion, to generations of Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, and that it may well mean something still. And he is justified, now and then, by some burst of inspired claptrap, some "Monte Cristo" or "Treasure Island," that makes the whole world kin.

Mr. Farnol's claptrap has never risen to that plane. He

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adds nothing to the old motions but a slight trick of manner, itself derived, an odd blend of Borrow and Dickens; a quaint mode of delivery which in "The Broad Highway" and "The Amateur Gentleman" captivated a large unlettered public. The shallow artifice behind this manner is too clearly laid bare in "The Definite Object," divested as it is of the familiar accessories of costume and the far place. This languid American millionaire with the preposterous name who disguises himself and becomes the favorite adopted son and boss slugger of Hell's Kitchen, there finding the pearl among women, is a hero for school-misses. Mr. Farnol, his publishers inform us, knew this New York slum life at first hand, during the time of his obscure activities as a scene-painter, ere fame found him. One may say enough of this book, perhaps, in saying that it shows the sort of fidelity to detail and falsity of color and perspective which are still to be found upon the flies and backdrops of melodrama. Hell's Kitchen or the open road, our author is still putting his gentleman-errant through the familiar paces. In a similar way, under the chill eye of reason, "The American Ambassador" comes down to a Zenda story with realistic touches. The publisher's copy-maker takes it seriously "as a picture of the workings of an American embassy in time of crisis." A nameless kingdom is involved, to which the American Ambassador has got himself appointed in order to put through a deal of immense international import. He is the plain, blunt hustler from "back home," who drags at each remove a lengthening chain of ignorances and complacencies. But he gets on very well with the king of the nameless kingdom, and his plans are imperilled only by the villanous Count, who demands the Ambassador's lovely daughter as the price of his complaisance. She, however, is clearly destined for the American Secretary who tells the tale; and the wicked Count is duly foiled, and the world laid at the feet of American diplomacy, by the success of the Ambassador's coup.

The author of "The Hundredth Chance" is, we believe, a very popular practitioner of the amiable formula. Her method proves that Victorianism is by no means played out, may indeed be rendered freshly effective by a slight tincture of modern "frankness" in the treatment of sex. Her present heroine is the chill, snobbish little prude whom our fathers admired—at least in fiction. She has, we are assured more than once, the mien of a princess; we fancy that at this date it is a mien chiefly employed by the upper housemaid on her day out. She never forgets to be a lady. The plain, bluff hero loves this tendency, and is determined to kill what he loves. He is a Briton of American experience, and with the British version of an American dialect. He is chief horse-trainer to a wicked English lord who has once aspired to the princess's hand. Cherishing, against her virtuous will, the image of the wicked lord in her heart, she weds the horse-trainer: the ensuing situation is obvious. It "comes out right"; which is to say, it gives the proper "answer" according to the amiable formula. That formula, of course, no longer closes with wedding bells and "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden." It rather prefers a difficult rapprochement of the pair who are wedded in name only, and the eventual consummation of whose nuptials obtains, we suspect, a slight fillip of the illicit from its virtual independence of the sacred rite. "The Trifiers" are a youngish pair of Americans, old acquaintances, who meet abroad and as a matter of convenience go through the marriage ceremony. The girl has long been under domestic bondage, but finds that her release and her sudden wealth do not mean freedom. Everywhere men pursue her, and to escape their pursuit she marries the irreproachable if useless "Monte," so that she may be free to share his carefree life as a pleasure-seeker. So they start upon their casual journey together. Any reader can and, unless he make the necessary pretences, must guess at once the upshot of that journey. It culminates at the moment when, in their accidental bivouac "beneath the stars," each of them suddenly discovers what everybody else knows, that they are deeply in love with each other. Well, then!

The novels of Mr. Basil King have an air of gravity which more or less disguises their allegiance to the formula. He seems, and no doubt means, to be interpreting life in its latest complexity. He has an alert eye for human types, and appears always on the verge of solid characterization. He possesses a certain flexible eloquence, is full of wise saws and modern instances. "I think it right for every living thing to *grow*. And growth means change. And change means readjustment. And readjustment means new methods to meet new needs. And new needs mean new perceptions. And new perceptions mean a fuller grasp of truth. Where you have perpetual youth you have perpetual adaptation." There is much of this kind of thing in "The Lifted Veil"—itself a veil, however unconsciously worn. In substance the story, like its predecessors, is helplessly and not altogether wholesomely romantic, the old set illusion tricked out in the costume of the hour, and made palatable to Mr. King's large audience, we fear, rather as refined sex-melodrama than as anything else: a means of escape, not of access.

## Dramas by Arthur Symons

*Tragedies.* By Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

OF the three plays in this volume only two are tragedies, "The Harvesters" and "The Death of Agrippina." The third, "Cleopatra in Judea," is romantic drama. All three are works of a notable literary and dramatic value which, if capably presented, would be exceedingly effective in the theatre, but which, in these degenerate days, are not at all likely to get a trial before the footlights. In the study, however, they will bring delight to all appreciative readers. Written in somewhat irregular blank verse, they are more remarkable for vigor, nicety, and purity of expression than for beauty of rhythmical form or decorative fancy, although they contain many passages which are genuinely poetic. The uncommon charm of the dialogue consists in its fine finish, simplicity, and smoothness, the certain use of the apt word betokening a fastidious scholarship, and the clear conveyance of pregnant thought in compact sentences.

The author's mastery of the English tongue is best exemplified, perhaps, in "The Harvesters," which is, in other respects, the most original and striking work in the collection. This is a rural tragedy of Cornwall, dated in the early part of the nineteenth century, in which the ancient themes of human and divine justice and moral responsibility are treated with boldness and masterly directness. The dialogue is equally admirable for its appropriate simplicity—perfectly suited to its supposed environment though no dialect is employed—and its robust significance. The story is one of the oldest in the world. Mary Raven, hitherto a

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girl of spotless repute, has trusted in Peter Corin, a fascinating and selfish scamp, and been deceived. The neighbors' tongues are wagging about her, and her father, Michael, a religious zealot, hears the gossip. In a scene of Biblical solemnity, he vows that if she be guilty he will provide bed and board for her and her babe, but will never speak to her more, in this world or before the throne of God. Here he keeps his word. Distraught by misery and shame, she makes a final appeal to Peter, in the harvest field, and when he callously declares that he is resolved to be a lover still, but never a husband, she kills him with a sickle, which her father has just sharpened. Presently, after her child has been born, only to die in gaol, she is tried for murder, acquitted, and set free. Her father, who believes himself partly responsible for the murder because he had whetted the sickle, nevertheless holds to his oath. He will receive her, but only on the old terms. These she spurns, saying that in suffering she has learned the truth of life and the falsity of his and the world's ideals of pity, kindness, and justice. He, in his bigotry, has been more inexorable than the God whom he has conceived. Hereafter, conscious of no sin—"There is a hidden cruelty in love that turns only against the thing it loves the best"—she will be mistress of her own fate, and so she goes off to live with Veechan, a half-witted girl, whose affectionate loyalty to her had never wavered.

Mr. Symons, of course—whatever his own view—has not provided any general solution of the old problem that he proposes. His arguments are logical, but his premises are too plainly framed to support them. He has, however, told a powerful and moving tale, whose heroine is worthy of all honest sympathy and compassion as one more sinned against than sinning. In effect, he preaches a high and sound morality. His castigation of savage, selfish, and purblind bigotry, of masculine animalism and feminine uncharitableness, and of the travesties of justice arising out of superstition or convention is altogether warranted and wholesome, and all the more effective for its satiric energy. His characters, if somewhat highly colored, are in essentials consistent and vital. Old Michael, hideous as he is in his spiritual deformation, is a really tragic figure. Corin is the embodiment of selfish passion. Anne Saundry, in her mystical fatalism and sincere humanity, is a wonderful sketch, while Veechan, the mad girl, with her semi-prophetic hallucinations, has more than a touch of veritable inspiration.

The other dramas are less striking only because less original. In literary quality and vigorous characterization they are fit companion pieces. In "The Death of Agrippina" the drama follows the historical facts closely except that it makes the actual murder coincident with the abortive attempt of the sinking ship. This enables the author to introduce a finely imaginative and dramatic incident in which Nero, critically regarding the corpse of his mother, comments admiringly upon her beauty. There are vivid little sketches of Agrippina herself, of Poppæa and Anicetus, but the tragedy is mainly a study of the psychology of Nero at this turning point in his career. It is a subtle, vital, and powerful bit of portraiture. The supple hypocrisy, suave charm, enormous vanity, remorseless treachery and cruelty, impulsive sentimentality, craven cowardice, savagery and sycophancy that were constituent elements in this complicated monster are illustrated with a sure and skilful hand. Due emphasis is laid, also, upon the artistic and poetic instincts in him. It is a brilliant and scholarly achievement.

"Cleopatra in Judea" is a more fanciful invention. The scene is set in Jerusalem in the palace of Herod. The latter, who has been entertaining the Egyptian enchantress as his honored guest, has resolved to kill her, and send her dead, instead of alive, to Antony, thinking thus to do him the best service. But the queen in a farewell interview warns him that Antony is enamored of his wife, Mariamne, and so inflames his ambition and his jealousy that he is almost ready to link his fortunes with hers, and surrender Judea itself for the sake of the love which she offers. He confines himself, however, to vows of friendship as they part in seeming amity. The weakness of the piece lies in its indefinite ending, but the contrasted characters of the two protagonists are admirably drawn. Herod is a kingly figure, reflecting the sagacity, the cunning, and the unscrupulous audacity of the original, and Cleopatra is no unworthy representative of the serpent of old Nile. Mr. Symons must be credited with courage, if not with discretion, in challenging an inevitable comparison. He has succeeded in avoiding positive disaster, and that is a feather in his cap.

## A Ramble with the Spellbound

*Your National Parks.* By Enos A. Mills. With Detailed Information for Tourists by Laurence F. Schmeckebier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

*Mount Ranier:* A Record of Explorations. Edited by E. S. Meany. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

*Canada the Spellbinder.* By Lilian Whiting. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

*Alaska the Great Country.* By Ella Higginson. New edition, with new matter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

*The Yukon Trail:* A Tale of the North. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.35 net.

HERE is a bundle of books, redolent one and all of joyous enthusiasm for the mountains, for the big trees and the wild animals and birds and flowers, for the glaciers and gold fields of Alaska, and the broad plains of Canada, with the great cities and railways and harbors born of their unquenchable fertility. But the glowing passion for the great world outdoors is an enthusiasm in which one may readily pardon a touch of exaggeration, so long as the underlying spirit is sincere and unselfish. There is no trail of the real estate agent over any of the volumes before us. In the opening paragraph of "Our National Parks," sixteen years ago, John Muir welcomed even "the scenery habit in its most artificial forms, mixed with spectacles, silliness, and kodaks," and exemplified by devotees outdoing the scarlet tanagers in brilliance of apparel and frightening the wild animals with red umbrellas. The counterfeit is at least a sure proof of the existence and worth of the genuine.

Mr. Enos A. Mills, who has spent a good part of his life in the companionship and study of nature on the slopes of Long's Peak, writes with the underlying purpose of creating a sentiment which will obtain from Congress large increases in our national park reservations and in appropriations for their proper care and use. The form of his title, "*Your* National Parks," is irritating. Surely, he could have hit

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upon something better than this awkward attempt to avoid duplication of the title of the book by John Muir, referred to in the preceding paragraph. He has not, of course, attempted to supersede the work of Muir, whom he affectionately honors as "the greatest genius that ever with words interpreted the outdoors." The deep and steady current of appreciation of nature that flows through the pages of John Muir is no more possible to Mr. Mills than was the rushing flood of Pindar to "the Matinian bee," but the bee found a welcome for its honey none the less. No intelligent traveller who intends to visit the national parks should fail to read Muir as a spiritual preparation, but he will do well to avail himself of the more detailed information of Mills also.

Professor Meany's volume on Mount Rainier is a compilation of extracts from accounts of the various explorations on and about the mountain, from its discovery by Captain George Vancouver, of the Royal Navy, in 1792, to the present time. For nearly half a century after the Vancouver expedition the mountain received no attention of which written record remains. Vancouver gave it its name, in honor of Rear-Admiral Peter Rainier, of the Royal Navy. In 1841 a shore party from the Wilkes Expedition, led by Lieutenant Robert E. Johnson, of the United States Navy, crossed the Cascades in the vicinity of Mount Rainier and left the first written record of such a crossing, though Professor Meany takes it as probable that the passage had been made by others at an earlier date. "The Indian Legend of Hamitchou," in Theodore Winthrop's well-known volume, "The Canoe and the Saddle," grew out of a visit to this region, and in Mr. Winthrop's pages is found the first printed statement that the natives called the mountain Tacoma, the name which has striven so vigorously to dislodge that given by Captain Vancouver. The first recorded attempt to ascend the mountain was that of Lieutenant A. V. Kautz, of the United States Army, in 1857, but the highest pinnacle was not reached. General Hazard Stevens and P. B. Van Trump achieved complete success in 1870, and passed a night on the summit, protected from freezing by the fortunate discovery of jets of steam which had hollowed out a cavern under the ice at the crater's rim. A second ascent was made a few weeks later by Samuel F. Emmons and A. D. Wilson, geologists in the service of the Government. Among later explorers who have worked on and about Mount Rainier are such scientists as Bailey Willis, Israel C. Russell, Henry Landes, François E. Matthes, and George Otis Smith.

Lilian Whiting's enthusiasm of spirit and glow of language are at their usual high level in "Canada the Spell-binder." One is carried from the great to the greater, from the bountiful to the more bountiful, from the beautiful to the more beautiful, until one's powers of appreciation are all but suffocated with the intoxicating draught. But if she sins therein, she sins with most other writers who have taken up the theme, and the actual achievements of Canada, measured by definite tests and duly recorded, are so great that one hesitates to brand any praise of "the Dominion" as unwarranted exaggeration. And the enormous load which she is cheerfully carrying to-day in the world struggle for human liberty and justice predisposes one to believe all that one reasonably can to her credit. Perhaps there is something of the finest of all her greatness in those simple lines of Katherine Hale entitled "Grey Knitting":

> I like to think that soldiers, gaily dying
> For the white Christ on fields with shame sown deep,
> May hear the fairy click of women's needles
> As they fall fast asleep.

Ella Higginson's "Alaska" adds only a closing chapter to the matter contained in the original edition, of 1908. Here is one case, by the way, in which the current of enthusiasm does not run absolutely unbroken. It might have done so if the author had not conceived and insisted upon carrying into execution, against considerable unexplained opposition, the idea of going ashore at Belkoffski. There are some travellers who cannot adjust their refined sensibilities even to Naples, but Belkoffski is Belkoffski, and it did not take many whiffs of its peculiar atmosphere at close range to convince Mrs. Higginson that her fellow-travellers were well-advised in declining to accompany her ashore.

Possibly the inclusion of Mr. Raine's "The Yukon Trail" with the volumes already mentioned is not a strictly scientific classification, and yet the line between the literature of travel and exploration on the one hand, and fiction on the other, need not always be rigidly insisted upon. Mr. Raine has the standard ingredients for an Alaska novel—the fight of some one against some overreaching financial interest which is corrupting the courts and hoodwinking the Administration at Washington, the fresh young woman who drops in upon the scene and gets mixed up with both sides, the other woman who is not quite so fresh, the mushing of huskies, etc., all wrenched loose from the ordinary conventions of life and put upon the basis of the "elemental" and "primordial," which sometimes means one thing and other times another. The formula is not difficult, but no one will question Mr. Raine's first-hand acquaintance with his ground and the zest with which he handles the theme, even if the rather narrow trail has been trodden frequently before.

# Notes

THE forthcoming publication of "In the World," by Maxim Gorky, is announced by the Century Company.

Henry Holt & Company will publish in September "The Wishing Ring Man," by Margaret Widdemer.

"Secrets of the Submarine," by Marley F. Hay, is announced for publication shortly by Dodd, Mead & Company.

The Oxford University Press is about to publish a book entitled "Poems of Conformity," by Charles Williams, as the first of a new series of poems by contemporary writers.

A. C. McClurg & Company announce the forthcoming publication of "A Soldier of France to His Mother," a translation by Theodore Stanton of "Lettres d'un Soldat," and "The Sand Dunes of Indiana," by E. Stillman Bailey.

A new novel entitled "Irene to the Rescue" and "A Soldier's Memories," by Major-General Sir George Younghusband, are announced as forthcoming by E. P. Dutton & Company.

"How to Fly," by Capt. D. Gordon E. Re Vley, is announced as a handy pocket volume to be published shortly by Paul, Elder & Company, of San Francisco.

THE recent growing enthusiasm about Lord Dunsany's plays made inevitable some book dealing with the man

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and his work. Mr. Edward Hale Bierstadt has hastily supplied this demand in "Dunsany the Dramatist" (Little, Brown; $1.50 net). He has duly divided his treatment into "The Man," "His Work," and "His Philosophy," and has added a very interesting chapter of thirty-five pages, consisting of the correspondence between the Irish peer and Mr. Stuart Walker concerning the latter's production of several of the plays, and revealing many of the playwright's views on the drama and his dramas. The play-going and play-reading public will be very glad to peruse these pages. The narrative and critical chapters of the book betray an amateurishness of treatment that allays somewhat the enthusiasm aroused by the subject. For one thing, the author is careless enough to refer more than once to "*The* Riders to the Sea." Some of the critical comments, however, reveal study and discussion. In the matter of dramatic structure Mr. Bierstadt has evidently familiarized himself with the current doctrines concerning the technique of the drama. From that point of view his analyses and his strictures are interesting. He makes an effort also to disengage the philosophy and the atmosphere of these strange new pieces. The problem he attacks with becoming modesty. He has read everything in print on the subject. He has conned all the plays and Dunsany's other writings. Yet the result leaves one with a sense of undiscovered depths. Least fortunate of all is Mr. Bierstadt in the life of Dunsany. At times the arrangement of the material is confusing. The facts at his command are few. And his style is more loose and stringy than in the other chapters. The appendix, on the contrary, dealing with productions and publication, seems precise and accurate. The sixteen illustrations in half-tone give us a notion of both the man and his plays. Altogether the book will be welcome as the first treatment of a playwright whose vogue has advanced with surprising leaps in the last year or two.

ONE is prepared for almost anything from the versatile and ever-active Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, yet one is conscious of a shiver of surprise on opening "Nothing Matters" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.60 net) to find a collection of short stories. There is, to be sure, a lecture on "The Importance of Humour in Tragedy" which Sir Herbert delivered at the Birmingham Midland Institute as a presidential address in 1915. It must have been interesting when rendered with the graces of an actor. In reading it seems to ramble without ever coming to grips with the subject. The remarks on humor lack the subtlety one expects from an actor who has established some reputation for wit. Is it wit that dictates the "Afterthought" in which Sir Herbert gravely confesses to being haunted by "the vague apprehension of uncommitted crime"? He fears that his plots may have been "prophetically plagiarized," a suspicion which he can in no wise verify since he never reads books by other authors. Now the casual reader entertains a quite different feeling. He finds great variety in the book—tales of tragedy and of humor, of horror and of mystery—but he nowhere discovers that freshness of treatment which a good plagiarist should possess. The plots, it is true, are somewhat familiar. For instance, there have been ere this accounts of the gay Lothario who breaks up the happiness of a friend's life. Sir Herbert narrates the tragedy step by step in all its fortuitous circumstances. But he does not convey or suggest "the pity of it." He senses the effect. He strives to set it before us. But he cannot command the artistry to "get it across the footlights." The volume is, nevertheless, an interesting indication of the author's versatility.

IT is unfortunate that Walter E. Weyl's "American World Policies" (Macmillan; $2.25 net) was sent to the press before American participation in the war became a probability. His assumption that the United States would remain a neutral throughout the struggle gives to much of the discussion, especially in the final chapter, an almost absurd incongruity with all aspects of the situation as it has ultimately developed. The book, nevertheless, has great compensatory merits. It analyzes with excellent judgment and sound scholarship the various factors which must in any event determine the course of American foreign policy, showing at every turn a thorough grasp of fundamentals. From his examination of the vital tendencies in our national life the author finds two strong currents trying to drag us in opposite directions, the one towards Imperialism (not in our form of government, but in the temper of our national policy), the other towards what he designates as Economic Internationalism. The forces of materialism are heading in the former direction, while the idealistic impulses of the people endeavor to carry us towards the latter. There is real danger, Mr. Weyl believes, that the former will develop the greater strength. This does not mean, however, that the volume is a plea for the curbing of the economic motive, much less a homily upon the need of strengthening the ethical impulses of the race. It is a careful and wholly dispassionate examination of the great currents in our national life as they are. As such the volume will prove of real value to every serious student of public affairs.

A LITTLE booklet entitled "The Aviator and the Weather Bureau," by Ford A. Carpenter, attractively printed and illustrated, has just been issued by the San Diego Chamber of Commerce. It consists of a brief but comprehensive account of the history of aviation as it is associated with southern California and of a syllabus of lectures delivered at the War Department school of aviation at San Diego on practical meteorology as applied to aviation. There is also an interesting narration of weather study from an aeroplane, including the details of the author's first ascent, and, finally, an account of the present active coöperation between aviators and the United States Weather Bureau. In these days of intensive application of aeronautics to offence and defence, it is refreshing to realize the tremendous value in other fields of work which will accrue to the aeroplane at the end of the war. In these fields, not the least important will be the investigation of the meteorological conditions of the zone of atmosphere which blankets our planet.

IN spite of his inferred lack of military training, perhaps because of it, Mr. George Townsend Warner, Master of the Modern side at Harrow School, has written a valuable military book under the significant title "How Wars Were Won" (Macmillan; $1.75 net). Mr. Warner goes back to Napoleon's times for his subjects, and selects the Ulm and Jena campaigns, the Peninsular campaign, the operations

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around Tourcoing in 1794, and has besides chapters of more general import on "army making in a hurry," on the Austrian, Prussian, French, and English armies, and on sea power. This is old material, but it has been handled in a manner so fresh as to suggest novelty, thanks to the author's skill in following the axis of events, in marshalling these events, and in setting forth the physical facts that conditioned them. One rock he has avoided, the introduction of so much detail that the narrative itself goes to pieces. The chapter on Sea Power especially commends itself: short and so simple as to be almost rudimentary, it should be read by all those who believe that sea power is an end and not a means. The maps given are numerous and excellent; they are not staff maps, to be sure, but they hug the text, and some of them, at any rate, more nearly resemble a modern staff map than do the wonderful hachurings of elder days. Moreover, this book is not intended as a staff book, useful though it would be even within the charmed circle of the Higher Command.

A NEW volume in the Modern Business series of the Alexander Hamilton Institute is "Foreign Trade and Shipping," by Dr. E. W. Zimmermann. In view of the marked disruption of the world's commerce and shipping brought about by the European war, the subjects discussed in this work are of widespread interest. Rather more than one-half of the volume is devoted to foreign trade, emphasis being placed upon such important topics as the fundamental principles underlying foreign commerce, the sources of trade information, particularly the services rendered by the Government, the general subject of foreign-trade promotion, the methods followed by export merchants and export houses, coöperation in the export trade as illustrated by certain foreign countries, and the technique of export trade, including such factors as sending samples, packing, invoicing, routing, and other necessary details. In the part of the volume devoted to shipping, ocean transportation comes in for extensive treatment. Among the important chapters are those which deal with the ocean freight service, public and private carriers, rates, agreements among shipping companies, ports and terminals, the recent legislation affecting our merchant marine, and its present status. The volume contains considerable data on Canadian trade and shipping, prepared, presumably, by Dr. W. C. Clark, of Queens University, a collaborator with Dr. Zimmermann. There is little theoretical discussion, principal consideration being given to clear-cut and practical problems, in order that the book may appeal primarily to the class of readers for whom it was designed, *viz.*, intelligent business men. The volume is an interesting presentation of two inter-related subjects which hitherto have received but scanty treatment, in book form, by American authors.

A SERIES of papers written by an Englishwoman in South Africa, Madeline Alston, has been published by John Lane with the title "From the Heart of the Veld." They have no "literary" pretensions, are merely the open letters of a gentlewoman whose lot placed her in the wilderness, and whose heart has bound her there. They are marked not only by courage, good sense, and good feeling, but by good breeding as well. This woman, coming out of the comfortable conventions of English life, has found her happiness and herself, in the open. The relatively rough and free life on the veld has begun by interesting, and ended by enchanting her. But she is evidently the stuff of which pioneers are made. The narrowness of social life in the wilderness, the difficult problems of domestic economy and of child-bearing and rearing, are more than compensated for by independence and free companionship with all-out-of-doors. She writes as a happy woman with a full life and no regrets. Many of her pages are simply good-humored chat frankly bordering on commonplace, but invariably relieved by the quiet charm of the talker's personality. She is notably and cheerfully feminine in that sense of the word which feminists scorn. She loves her puddings and jams, her daily round of wifehood and motherhood: "Do not tell me that a man has more interests in life than a woman," she says placidly. "The normal woman's life is a thing of infinite variety, provided she does not assume an attitude of 'sacred aloofness from life's meagre affairs.'" Now and then she speaks even more plainly on this head: "What a dreary accumulation of false reasoning and wrong ideals most of this feminist literature is! Self-assertion, not service, is the keynote of modern feminist ideals. Women are following paths that lead nowhere and the whole movement tends towards disintegration. How weary one grows of all this shouting on the house-tops. . . ." Of the veld itself, its flowers, its insects, its Kaffirs, its color and atmosphere, the book gives an intimate impression. That it is the veld of to-day is brought home to us by the concluding paper "On Coming Home in War-Time," and by the inscription of the book "To one who also knows and loves the veld, and for whose return from 'somewhere in France' I watch and wait."

UNDER a new title, "Japan the New World-Power: being a Detailed Account of the Progress and Rise of the Japanese Empire," by Robert P. Porter (Oxford University Press), is a revised edition of the author's "The Full Recognition of Japan," published by the same firm some five years ago. In the Preface to this second edition he expresses satisfaction that Japan has now taken the proper place among her peers, which he claimed as her due; "not often is it an author's privilege to say so soon that world-events have moved to justify his words; but not often has author so true a cause to plead." The Introductory Survey, bringing events up to the period of the Great War, is weighty and well considered. The "color" question, which at an earlier time hinged on the admission of a brown race like the Japanese into equal alliance with a Caucasian world power, Mr. Porter considers, has been settled emphatically by France in employing dusky Turcos from North Africa, side by side with her own regiments, against the white Germans, "a decision that was not in all likelihood reached without consultation with the British Government." After the Russo-Japanese War, with Japan triumphant, the "Yellow Peril," the horrors of which, menacing Europe, had been depicted in lurid colors by the imaginative Kaiser, "showed itself to be such a self-restrained, businesslike, and gentlemanly sort of peril that we were all willing to continue relations with her." But the same moral had been pointed several years before at the time of the Boxer troubles in China, when of the six Powers which sent expeditions to Peking the record for exemplary behavior was made by the Japanese contingent, and after it by the Indian troops under the Union Jack, while the German contingent, officers and men, made a disgraceful record that will be long re-

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membered. To those interested in things industrial, commercial, and financial, this portly book, with its elaborate tables and maps, furnishes an excellent compendium of modern Japan. In other fields, however, the author is untrustworthy; nor has he taken the trouble to rectify the blunders pointed out in his first edition. The two chapters on Education (IX and X) fairly bristle with errors. For instance, he tells us (page 184) that "the Kobu-Daigakko was organized by Dr. Henry Dyer, of Glasgow, and contains the following ten courses: . . ." Now this admirable school of engineering, together with the department (the Kobusho) to which it belonged, has been out of existence for over thirty years! So throughout with his historical details; the book, indeed, is radically defective in accurate scholarship.

SINCE P. F. Collier & Son began seven years ago to publish the Harvard Five-Foot Library, they have circulated sets aggregating several million volumes; they feel encouraged by the success of the undertaking to begin a new venture, to be called the Collier Classics. This is to consist of an indefinite number of five-volume sets, each devoted sometimes to the work of a single author, sometimes to a single topic as treated by a number of authors. It is stated that the tone of the Collier Classics is to be modern. The first set, "American Patriots and Statesmen," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, a collection of patriotic utterances from the earliest colonial days to recent addresses of Roosevelt and Wilson, itself suggests that there will be found many disadvantages in the rigid spatial limits of these uniform five-volume sets. The editor has sought to make the volume representative of the whole United States in all its history by including men of every profession and calling—statesmen, lawyers, doctors, teachers, travellers, writers, and so on; men of every rank, and men of every section and generation. To do this in some eighteen hundred pages without an impression of scrappiness is impossible. The first volume, for example, contains 113 selections of an average of three pages each, beginning with a chapter on Expectations from the New World and ending with one upon The Outbreak of the Revolution. Nevertheless, the set will be interesting and instructive to many general readers, who will use it without desire for an intensive knowledge of the field covered, and it may stimulate some to further study.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT'S excellent historical and anecdotal book "The Painters of Florence" is reprinted in convenient 16mo by E. P. Dutton & Co. The paper is none of the best and the cuts are indifferent, for which there is partial compensation in the lowered price, $1.50.

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# Notes from the Capital

## Brand Whitlock

NOT of his own volition, but in obedience to direct orders from Washington, Brand Whitlock finally left Brussels. Like Ambassador Herrick, who stayed in Paris to help the distressed and embarrassed after the Government and the legations had gone to more comfortable quarters in Bordeaux, Minister Whitlock felt that he could be of larger usefulness at his old post than at Havre, whither the rest of the diplomatic corps had betaken themselves with the court. This was the human, as distinguished from the official, view of the duty of a representative of the greatest of the neutral Governments, and its effect in keeping up the courage of the Belgian people under the tyrannical rule of their temporary masters has been not less marked than its stimulation of the pride and confidence of his own countrymen, and its exposure, by contrast, of the barbarism masquerading under the guise of *Kultur*.

A lawyer by virtue of admission to the bar, but a newspaper and literary worker by instinct and choice, Whitlock long ago learned the unwisdom of exuberance. In a sense he is an enthusiast, throwing his heart into whatever employs his mind and his hand; but he keeps his energies well stored for use when something of importance calls for inspiration, instead of letting them out spasmodically through the safety-valve of speech. An instance in point was when the political factions in Belgium plunged into a controversy over the methods to be followed in distributing the food supplies sent into the country by outside sympathizers. Several million hungry Belgians were to be helped, and there were only a handful of qualified persons to do the work, so the situation did present a good deal of a problem. A conference between the squabbling factions was in full swing, and leaders on both sides were struggling to harangue the rest, when the American Minister, who had been invited to the meeting as a matter of courtesy, appeared. As the most eminent personage in the hall, the declaimers waived their right to be heard in order to make

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it possible for him to deliver an address. His refusal to do so, on the modest plea that he had come there not to talk, but to lend a hand in any way he could help, was more eloquent than the most elaborate oration he could have put together. It silenced the wrangle and set the whole party to figuring on what they could do in the shortest order, rather than on who should reap the credit for their common achievement.

Such things were a constant marvel to the Belgians, accustomed to the ceremonial atmosphere enveloping everything official in Europe. His brief declaration, when he found the urgent relief work impeded by a technical debate over who was responsible, under the Hague conventions, for the care of the sufferers in a situation like the one existing, "Starving people can't eat Hague conventions," chopped the Gordian knot through the middle and gave the contestants a fresh phase of the subject to talk about. Equally direct was his settlement of a question brought to his notice by a high judicial dignitary of Belgium in the early days of the war. The court was still in Brussels, and the German Government had turned over the handling of its local affairs to Whitlock, as a neutral diplomatist. The solemn judge called upon him one morning to say that certain suspicious circumstances had led to the belief that the chimney of the German Legation building concealed a wireless telegraph apparatus with which spies were keeping the invaders informed of events in the city. "I have the honor to suggest," he continued, "that your Excellency unite with me in the appointment of a commission of investigation, authorized to summon witnesses, take testimony, and render a report on the matter."

"Couldn't we get at the facts sooner," responded Whitlock, "by going up ourselves and looking down the chimney?"

The prompt assent which greeted this suggestion astonished the Minister as much as the informality of the proposal had astonished the judge. Up they climbed to the roof together, peered down the chimney, and found—a swivelled wind-guard which, having gone too long unoiled, gave forth mysterious squeaks and creaks whenever a passing breeze swung it about on its axis.

Albeit Whitlock has spent several years, first and last, in public life, he never sought office in the politician's way. While living as a young man in Chicago, he declined positions offered him by Governor Altgeld, whose unpopular cause he had championed. But in Toledo, where he afterwards made his home, he became so close a friend and disciple of Samuel Jones, the "Golden Rule" Mayor, as to be elected to succeed him and carry forward his policies. Whitlock, however, longed to divest himself of the petty cares of office and find some leisure for writing; so after four terms as Mayor he declined another, and President Wilson, as a man of letters ambitious to fill our foreign service with members of his own craft, chose him for the Belgian mission. He was scarcely more than settled at this post before the world war broke out, and he found himself in the very thick of the trouble. Again and again, German subjects who were in danger of death at the hands of outraged Belgians sought his protection and were kept in safety under the roof of his legation; and when the German army had advanced upon Brussels and the court had removed to France, it was he who persuaded the Burgomaster not to offer any armed resistance, and the beautiful capital was thus spared the fate of some less prudent cities; yet when he joined in the protest against the killing of Edith Cavell, he was as powerless as his colleagues to divert the Prussian thirst for blood.

The reputation he had gained for courage and resourcefulness, quite as much as their desire to maintain relations of special friendliness with this country, moved a number of foreign Governments to commit their interests to his keeping for the period of the war. At one time he had eight trusts to administer, representing simultaneously Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Japan, Servia, Denmark, and the principality of Liechtenstein, as well as the United States. It involved an almost unendurable nervous strain for the bearer of these responsibilities to stay at his post and witness the reign of horrors all about him. He hates war; he loves humanity for its own sake; yet he is far from being a pacifist and has always refused to adopt Socialism because it "provides for everything in the world except liberty." He also cherishes a wholesome antipathy for the "reformer" who insists that other people shall be forced—by the police power, if necessary—to conform their lives to his particular ideals.

Whitlock's war vigil in Brussels has aged him more than thrice the same number of years would have done if passed in a peaceful environment. His eyes are as large and full and his expression as intense as of old; he is still youthful in build, though forty-eight years old by the calendar; but deep lines have come here and there into his once softly rounded face, and a suggestion of gauntness about the jaws conveys an impression of a long subjection to anxiety and a determination to emulate Mr. Britling and "see it through."

TATTLER

# Finance

## The Success of the New Banking System

IT was recognized, by every one conversant with financial movements, that the events of last week on the New York money market would provide the first real test of the new American banking system's ability to deal effectively with a temporary strain on credit. Since the Federal Reserve Banks went into operation in November, 1914, no such occasion had arisen. Even when (as at the end of last June and last December) extensive transfer of bank reserves was necessitated by the half-yearly payments, the pressure was no greater than had been incurred in many previous periods of the sort.

The week opened with New York's surplus bank reserve at the lowest figure ever reached, with one exception, since the new banking system was established; with call money at 6 per cent., and with very general expectation of a "money squeeze" of exceptional severity. It ended with the money rate easier than it had been in nearly a fortnight past. For the expectations of tight money, there was a two-fold basis. On the one hand, there was the approach of a burden, very unusual though clearly foreseen, on the machinery of credit; this in connection with the payment of the 18 per cent. instalment on the Government's two-billion-dollar war loan, along with the semi-annual dividend and interest disbursements, which had been estimated at more than $300,000,000.

On the other hand, no one could predict with any assur-

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ance how the mechanism of the Reserve Banks and the individual institutions, wholly untried in such an emergency, would stand the strain. Could it reasonably be hoped that no contingency had been overlooked in carrying out the loan payments; that the tremendous funds involved would be promptly returned to the market; in short, that the week would be passed without witnessing the 10 to 25 per cent. rate for call loans which many people had looked upon as easily possible? This was the bankers' query.

Last December the advance in Wall Street's call-loan rate, from 4½ per cent. on the first day of the month to 15 per cent. on the fourth, had shown that an acute, though temporary, stringency in money might still occur, despite the possibility of assistance (which then, however, remained uninvoked) from the Reserve Banks. On that occasion the money market had to support nothing more burdensome than the demands of an extremely active stock market speculation and the prospective year-end requirements for interest and dividend payments.

What occurred last week gave a very positive answer to the doubts which had been expressed as to the workableness of the machinery provided for carrying out the transfers of funds. The decline in the call-loan rate on Wednesday, it is true, from 6 per cent. during most of the day to 2 per cent. just before the market closed, was not a trustworthy measure of the situation; indicating merely that the day's demand for borrowing had been satisfied at the higher rate. Yet that the banks should have had funds to lend at 2 per cent. on the day before the loan payments was surely a hopeful sign. On Thursday, the day the instalment of the loan was due, the rate remained below 6 per cent. for the first time in two weeks; quotations being made only between 4 and 5 per cent., as against a single rate of 6 per cent. on Monday and Tuesday.

To maintain comparative ease in money rates, at the moment when last week's very extensive financial operations were in progress, some methods were used which were entirely novel in our banking policy, and which a close scrutiny might pronounce foreign to the intent of the Federal Reserve act. Redeposit in the banks of funds to the amount of $128,000,000, hitherto paid against war-loan subscriptions (either as the initial 2 per cent. deposit or as payment in full), was the immediate occasion of the decline in interest rates to 2 per cent. With a similar purpose a plan was worked out under which much of the 18 per cent. instalment, instead of being actually paid over, was to be merely credited to the Treasury Department on the banks' books, thus remaining in the banks as a Government deposit, against which no specific cash reserve was required to be maintained.

These were arrangements which might have been carried out even under the old banking system. The special facilities provided by the Reserve Banks, however, including a "one-day rediscount" at a low rate, to be used in connection with loan payments, and the offer of the usual ninety-day rediscount facilities, with Government bonds instead of the usual commercial paper as collateral, were made to order for the occasion. Whether or not these measures for assistance to the banks could withstand a close, technical criticism, their value has not been questioned by the financial community. Something of the same approval was accorded to the readjustment of reserves provided for in the amendments to the Reserve act, whereby banks in New York city are required to keep only 13 per cent., wholly in the Reserve Bank, against their demand deposits, whereas 18 per cent., in vault and at the Reserve Bank, was called for under the original law.

In taking measures to safeguard the money market, bankers and Reserve Board officials had one tremendous advantage, in the fact that the nature and magnitude of the emergency were clearly foreseen; many of the demands upon credit resources could be almost mathematically calculated in advance. To that extent, it was to be expected that ordinary foresight would cause ample provision to be made. The smooth working of the Federal Reserve Banks in such an operation was, however, something which had no precedent. Although heavy financial requirements and possible temporary strain still lie ahead, the success of last week's work showed that adequate mechanism had been provided to meet those conditions.

# BOOKS OF THE WEEK

## FICTION.

Day, H. Where Your Treasure Is. Harper. $1.50 net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Anderson, M. L. A Study of Virgil's Descriptions of Nature. Badger. $1.25 net.

Bull, P. B. Peace and War. Longmans, Green. 90 cents.

Burnet, J. Higher Education and the War. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Burroughs, E. A. World-Builders All. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.

Camp, W. War's Dark Frame. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.

Catalogue of the Petrarch Collection Bequeathed by Willard Fiske. Compiled by Mary Fowler. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Edited by W. Hazlitt. World's Classics. Oxford University Press.

Clédat, L. Manuel de Phonétique et de Morphologie. Paris: Hachette & Co.

Cohen, I. The Ruhleben Prison Camp. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by C. E. Bennett and G. P. Briston. Longmans, Green & Co., for the University.

Domestic Service. By an Old Servant. With preface by Mrs. G. Wemyss. Houghton, Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Empey, A. G. Over the Top. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Freese, J. H. A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Russian Languages. Dutton. $2 net.

Garne, A. E. The Master's Comfort and Hope. London: T. & T. Clark.

Gems (?) of German Thought. An Anthology of the German War Scriptures. Compiled by William Archer. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

Giratkin, H. M. The Sacrifice of Thankfulness. Edited by L. de L. Giratkin. London: T. & T. Clark.

Godfrey, T. The Prince of Parthia. Edited by A. Henderson. Little, Brown.

Goebel, P. Jahrbuch der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Historischen Gesellschaft von Illinois. Univ. of Chicago Press

Hall, J. L. English Usage. Scott, Foresman.

Hamilton, E. W. The Soul of Ulster. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University. Vol. XXVIII. Harvard University Press.

Herron, G. D. The Menace of Peace. Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

Harvey, J., and Others. Competition: A Study in Human Motive. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Jackson, W. W. Ingram Bywater. The Memoir of an Oxford Scholar. Oxford University Press.

Johnson, W. F. America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom. Philadelphia: Winston. $1.50 net.

Jonson, B. The Case Is Altered. Edited by W. E. Selin. Yale University Press.

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# Summary of the News

ARRIVAL in France of the American expeditionary force was announced here on June 27. The expedition was under the command of Gen. Sibert and was escorted across the Atlantic by units of the American navy. The entire operation was conducted with remarkable celerity and precision and with complete success, not a single life being lost. The only hitch that occurred was in the manner of making public the news of the army's safe arrival. Detailed accounts appeared in England, and even in Germany, before they were allowed to reach this country, and the impression in Washington, as we write, seems to be that the news was withheld by the French censorship owing to a request from the authorities on this side.

JUST at the moment when everybody seemed agreed as to the merits of the Lever bill and Mr. Hoover's fitness to administer it, its passage was further delayed by the attempt to amend it into something that it was never intended to be. The drastic prohibition amendment forbidding the manufacture of beer, as well as of distilled spirits, during the war was passed by the House, as is too much legislation, with the expectation that it would be revised by the Senate. The committee of the latter body, however, under the spur of the prohibitionists, allowed the amendment to stand. The ethical issue has nothing to do with the case. The point is that President Wilson, alive to the seriousness of forcing upon the workers of the country so revolutionary a change in their personal habits during the war, brought all his personal influence to bear to have the amendment amended. As we write it appears probable that the agreement reached to forbid the manufacture of distilled spirits from foodstuffs but to leave beer and wines alone will be allowed to pass.

HAPPILY, the further delay in passing the Lever bill which the prohibition rider has entailed, though extremely serious, is not so serious as it might be on account of the powers which the President already enjoys under the embargo clause of the Espionage act, and which he is prepared to use. Announcement of the first list of exports to be put under license has not been made at the time of writing, but it is expected at any moment. Dispatches from Washington of July 1 summarized an illuminating statement, just issued by the British Government, on the amount of supplies from this country which Germany has been able to obtain through complaisant neutrals. As for the purely domestic aspect of the situation, Mr. Hoover appears to be going ahead with his plans while awaiting official confirmation of his authority.

IN regard to the shipping question, one suspects the fine hand of the unofficial censorship in the dearth of any information respecting the Denman-Goethals controversy, and one can only hope that in this matter no news is good news. President Wilson on June 30 signed an executive order authorizing the Shipping Board to take possession and title of eighty-seven German-owned ships, representing more than 500,000 tons, which were in American ports prior to the opening of hostilities. On July 1 the President issued a proclamation taking over property at Hampton Roads, Va., for use in the establishment of a great naval training station and base.

REGULATIONS for enforcing the Draft act were issued by proclamation by the President on Monday.

BY the end of last week the Senate Finance Committee had finished its Herculean task of redrafting the War Revenue bill passed by the House. In its present form the measure provides for taxes to the amount of $1,652,170,000, or $148,000,000 less than Secretary McAdoo's estimate of requirements.

CONTROVERSY within the Administration appears also to have arisen over the price to be paid by the Government for bituminous coal. A committee consisting of representatives of four hundred coal operators and Government officials, among them Secretary Lane, agreed last week on a price of $3 a ton, and Mr. Lane praised the operators as patriots who were entitled to the gratitude of their country. Whatever satisfaction they may have taken from this commendation was, however, destined to be short-lived, for no sooner had the agreement been reached than Mr. Baker, as chairman of the Council of National Defence, hastened to express his conviction, in a letter addressed to W. S. Gifford, the Council's Director, that the price agreed upon was "unjust and oppressive." Mr. Baker's views were endorsed by Mr. Daniels. There the matter stands at the present writing, and there is every indication that the President will have still another task to add to his overburdened shoulders.

BRITAIN'S aims in the war, and with Britain's those of her allies, were outlined by Mr. Lloyd George in his speech at Glasgow on June 29. The keynote of the speech was the sentence in which the British Premier declared that the war would come to an end when the aims of the Allies had been achieved, and that if it came sooner it would be "the greatest disaster that has ever befallen mankind." For those Germans, if any there be, who are able to see facts as they are, Mr. Lloyd George held out an olive branch when he told them fairly and squarely that negotiations for peace with a free Germany would be entered into in a very different spirit from negotiations with the present autocratic Government. Saying plainly that the Russian revolution had postponed victory, Mr. Lloyd George nevertheless paid high tribute to the new Russia, which made victory "more sure than ever" and made "surer than ever the quality of victory." The charge that England is fighting for the German colonies he met with a burst of plain common-sense by pointing out that England has raised some four million men mainly to fight in France, and that she could have taken the German colonies without adding a man to her original army. The disposition of the German colonies, he said, must be settled by the international peace conference at the close of the war, and in their disposition the desires of the peoples themselves must be taken into account.

OF German opinion nothing can safely be predicated; one can only watch the blowing of straws and base no sure conclusions on them. The Chancellor is apparently again under fire from both extremes, the democratic sections of opinion and the Pan-Germans. Scheidemann has returned from Stockholm with the news that he has undeceived the Russian delegates as to the possibility of a revolution in Germany, and at the same time assails the Chancellor for not proposing general terms of peace. Harden declares forthrightly that there is no hope of separate peace with Russia, and that Germany faces two alternatives: either to smash her enemies or to fall in line with them in the principles of democracy. Meanwhile the censorship is attacked, and reports from neutral countries indicate that the rosy-hued accounts of crop conditions given out by the Government bear little relation to the facts.

TWO more countries have joined the lists of the Allies fighting Germany. Greece, whose new Government under M. Venizelos was announced on June 27, severed diplomatic relations with the Powers of the Central Alliance on June 29, and considers herself in a state of war. Brazil revoked her decree of neutrality in the war between the Entente Allies and Germany on June 28, and her fleet is now lending aid to the United States navy in patrolling the South Atlantic.

NEWS from Russia is best epitomized in the dispatches on Monday, which recorded the beginning of an offensive in Galicia, active over a front of a hundred miles and intense over eighteen. The cables from London warn us very wisely not to build up too high hopes on Brussilov's renewal of activity. It is significant that he took more than ten thousand Austrian prisoners on the first day of the offensive, but it is of infinitely more importance that he was able to make the offensive at all.

ON the western front the British have been exceedingly active around Lens and southwards beyond Oppy. Nothing particularly spectacular, when measured by the standards of this war, has occurred, but steady progress is reported in the gradual encirclement of Lens. On the Italian front strong Austrian attacks in the Trentino in the early part of last week gained some very minor successes, which appeared in no way to compensate for the enormous penalties incurred by them.

LOSSES of British vessels by submarines and mines showed a decrease in the report for the week ended June 24, twenty-one ships of more and seven of less than 1,600 tons being sunk. Arrivals were 2,875; sailings, 2,923. Twenty-two vessels were unsuccessfully attacked. It is interesting to read in dispatches from Copenhagen of July 1 that the bringing of England to her knees by means of the submarine campaign, which, according to Albert Ballin, was to have occurred on that date, has now been postponed by official pronouncement of the German Admiralty to the autumn.

CHINA'S recent troubles appear to have culminated, for the present at least, in the restoration of the monarchy. The first news of the change was received in dispatches on Monday, which stated that Gen. Chang Hsun had informed the President, Li Yuan-Hung, of the restoration of the Manchu Emperor, Huan Tung.

THE report of the Mesopotamia Commission, appointed to investigate the causes of the British disaster at Kut-el-Amara, was issued on June 26. The report contains amazing revelations of official incompetence which have aroused a storm of indignation in England.

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# My Duty in War Time

Our first great victory in this war will be when personal pleasure, personal gain, personal privilege give way to unselfish devotion to the common cause—"I must sacrifice my own gain or pleasure for the common good"—is the inner cry of every true American.

In our eagerness each one looks for "things to do," and he who looks emotionally for things to do or things to suffer will often try to show his patriotism by self-immolation. He may forget the simple task at hand while looking for a hard one at a distance.

Such a time as this demands super-eloquent apostles of sanity.

The plain duty of the American who is not, should not, or cannot be called to military service is—live your normal life; conduct your business as energetically as you would conduct it if we were at peace; take your profits, your comforts, and your normal pleasures; make all the money you can with a clear conscience.

You feel a peculiar shock as this truth hits you. "I *want* to sacrifice my goods and my comfort to prove my devotion, but what I *must* do is augment my goods and maintain my comfort to meet the demands of a situation bigger than my present vision can fully comprehend."

Buy your country's bonds. Buy all you can. Be ready to buy more when the next call comes. And remember—the great task of America's workers is to mobilize and carry on America's greatest possible industrial effort.

Be prepared for sacrifice, but do not seek sacrifice by self-punishment, as some Oriental zealots scarify their bodies to buy peace of soul.

If we are to have the long drain of war, our country demands of us both financial and physical stamina to emerge triumphant.

The great thing which the world demands of America during and after the war is unprecedented financial resource. Financial ability to bear the war's burdens—financial ability to be the world's chief provider after the war.

To fall short of this obligation will be to commit a crime against the future of the whole world.

Our supreme war duty lies in the task of keeping our bodies, minds and affairs vigorous and wholesome.

Our greatest danger is hysteria.

We, George Batten Company, believe that we can come nearest to doing our own full duty, along with giving our share of men and money, by promoting our regular business with all the vigor we possess.

## GEORGE BATTEN COMPANY

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